

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Government has been occupied this week in denouncing the Dyestuffs Act, in order to satisfy the fiscal fanaticism of Messrs. Snowden and Graham; and by doing so they have discovered that their own party is divided on the subject, while the Liberals voted eighteen on one side, sixteen on the other. Had the Conservatives voted in full strength the Government would have been defeated.

I was not impressed with the manifesto which bore the signatures of Sir Robert Horne, and Messrs. Buchan, Walter Elliot, and Oliver

Stanley, nor do I imagine that it will have much effect upon the country as a whole. The electorate is sick of talk about a "new spirit," and, unless I am greatly mistaken, it definitely prefers the new wine which Sir Oswald Mosley offers, though whether it can with safety be poured into the old political bottles is another matter. However, these Four Horsemen of a Central Office Apocalypse need hardly be taken seriously, and Mr. Buchan at any rate is notoriously faulty in his political judgments.

Meanwhile, I understand that Sir Oswald Mosley and his colleagues are contemplating the publication of another document explaining their scheme in greater detail, and this is all to the

CLARE CAMERON

GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND

Constable

NINE DRAWINGS BY EDMOND L. WARRE

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good so long as they do not indulge in excessive particularization. The country is quite obviously interested, and the remarks of Sir William Morris are a significant indication of the trend of opinion in business circles. The Mosley group may have the party machines and the Press against them, but if they can win over industrial magnates and the ordinary man-in-the-street the battle is theirs.

There has been a great display of indignation over the fact that the House of Commons allowed itself to be counted out last week when national economy was being discussed. It is deplorable that this should be the case, but the House was at least honest. Nobody in the present House of Commons, and still less in the present Government, cares twopence about economy, or intends to practise it: what, then, is the use of discussing unrealities?

Mr. Churchill is the Peter Pan of politics. At the age of fifty-six he makes a speech on India, which he might have made thirty years ago when he first reached years of indiscretion, and which he should in fact have made thirteen years ago, before the Government of which he was a member authorized the famous Montagu Declaration of August 20, 1917.

Many Conservatives and most people with experience of India think that declaration was a profound error, but not many are so foolish as to believe that that error can now be repaired by the rather crude methods which Mr. Churchill seems to envisage. In politics one does not put the clock back; one lets the hands go round, and it often comes to the same thing in the end, with the advantage that one does not break the machine.

All the same, I must confess that the spectacle of other politicians adopting a tone of pontifical reprobation of Mr. Churchill has sickened me; statesmen, like schoolboys, seem to like kicking a fellow when he is down. When the Prime Minister reviles his opponent for lack of patriotism, I cannot help remembering that Winston, with all his faults, did at least fight for his country; which is the last thing that Mr. MacDonald, with all his virtues, has ever thought of doing.

And since rebukes are now in fashion, I should have thought Mr. MacDonald—who always finds time to make speeches when it suits him—could have turned his attention to Mr. Tagore, who remarked recently that the fault of the British was that they spent money on the army in India, and neglected education and sanitation. But this fantastic travesty is allowed to pass without comment.

After two or three days of real crisis Spain appears to be settling down once more. The monarchy, which was the object of attack, proved to be far more popular than the republicans had expected, and the Spanish people have doubtless noted the contrast between the monarch who drove last Wednesday through the streets of Madrid unattended, and the vainglorious

Major Franco, who fled to Portugal the moment he thought his skin in danger. Had there been more kings in recent history with the personal courage of Alfonso XIII there would be thrones to-day instead of republics in Paris, Lisbon, Berlin, and Leningrad.

The ordinary citizen has a very natural objection to being ruled by a coward, and more than anything else it was the fear displayed by Nicholas II in 1905 that caused the tragic events of twelve years later. Similarly, quite a number of Germans with whom I have talked of late have assured me that the strongest opposition to a Hohenzollern restoration is based on the ground that the Kaiser and the Crown Prince ran away in the hour of danger. On the other hand, the popularity of Von Hindenburg is not least due to the fact that he has always stuck to his guns.

In short, the personality of King Alfonso has pulled his Government through once again, and it now remains to be seen how General Berenguer will utilize his victory. That, in spite of a section of the British Press which did not know what it was talking about, he was justified in shooting the mutinous officers at Jaca is clear, and it would seem that his best course now is to hold the elections as soon as possible, when he should obtain an overwhelming majority, and then proceed to remodel the Constitution.

The anti-monarchical elements are obviously weak in the army, and they cannot pull together elsewhere. The Socialists are suspicious of the republicans, and the communists despise both, so that it is more than likely that the failure of the present attempt at revolution will be followed by mutual recriminations among the revolutionaries which will paralyse them for years to come. Indeed, such a development is even now in progress, for Franco has already chivalrously laid the blame at the door of the officers who were shot at Jaca.

Neither the personal record of the new French Premier nor the composition of his Cabinet give much hope of a long life for his ministry. M. Steeg was, it is true, a moderately successful Governor of Algeria, where it is not easy to go seriously wrong, but as the successor of Marshal Lyautey in Morocco he was a conspicuous failure. Not only did he, by his interference, imperil the victory of the Franco-Spanish armies during the last stage of the campaign against Abd-el-Krim, but the Protectorate remained in so unsettled a condition during his administration that on one occasion his own family was kidnapped by the Moors while on a picnic.

Earlier still, his reputation had suffered very considerably as the result of his ingratitude towards M. Millerand, to whom he owed his first political successes. Yet when the President was in difficulties with the Cartel after the elections of May, 1924, M. Steeg refused to lift a finger to help him, and ostentatiously busied himself with Algerian affairs. In these circumstances it is not

surprising that the new Premier should have many personal enemies, and this fact accounts for the marked disfavour with which his ministry has already been received.

As for the new Cabinet, it is little more than the Cartel under another name, and in view of the fact that M. Tardieu's majority in the Chamber is still intact its position is precarious. In fact, the coming year is likely to be a more than usually disturbed one in French politics, for not only does the Presidential election take place, but there will be the inevitable manœuvring for position preparatory to the General Election of 1931. However, none of these events is likely to have any serious influence upon French foreign policy.

The cinema muddle has become even more tangled since last week. As the result of the High Court decision against Sunday performances, Coventry, one of the first places in the country to allow Sunday opening, has now decided to prohibit it next year, while the Chatham Council is renewing its seven-day licences, throwing responsibility on the theatre proprietors. On the strength of the High Court decision, a north country Chief Constable has been refused permission for a Sunday concert by a boys' club which he runs; the Entertainments Protection Association talks of promoting a Bill to abolish the Lord's Day Observance Act and allow all places of entertainment to open on Sunday without discrimination; and the L.C.C., which is to appeal against the decision, has, *ad interim*, decided not to permit Sunday boxing.

Comedy has been imparted to the situation by the action of a young lady of Hackney in claiming immense sums (although very much less than the astronomical amounts which the law permits her to demand) both from picture theatres and from newspapers in which advertisements of their Sunday performances appear. A further touch of comedy, which would have delighted Gilbert, is that various provincial cinema theatre owners propose to employ, if need be, their own "common informers," so that in the event of successful proceedings being taken against them, the damages will remain in the family, so to speak.

Curiously enough, the fact has almost been overlooked that there is nothing in the Cinematograph Act, an *ad hoc* legislative measure, which stipulates the number of days on which a picture theatre may be open, and many have a seven-day licence to which no conditions of any kind are attached, not even the undertaking to contribute a certain proportion of Sunday receipts to approved charities. It is not impossible that the Act may be a deciding factor in solving the present difficulty, while there is always the Remission of Penalties Act on which to fall back.

I am interested to see that the Australian Government is taking steps to popularize its wines in this country. There has been some difficulty in the past, not only by reason of the fact that the terms Port and Burgundy are prohibited from use in the case of non-European drinks,

but also because the natural conservatism of the connoisseur was reinforced by some doubts of the quality of Dominion wines. The former difficulty is to be got over by calling the anti-podean brand "Austral."

A few years ago, out of curiosity rather than with any conscious heroism, I determined to sample every Dominion wine and tobacco I could discover. The tobaccos, apart from some excellent Jamaica cigars and Mauritius cigarettes, were not altogether to my taste—the pipe mixtures generally smoked too quickly and were too hot—but the wines were another story.

The red sweet wines of Australia were not indeed to my fancy; and the ferruginous products were more of a tonic than a table beverage. But three or four of the Australian white wines of the Hock and Sauterne type were admirable, and also a Chablis which, to my regret, I have never come across again. These at least have only to be known to become popular.

If Australia would specialize in these light wines—which few people seem to know, whereas everybody has heard of Tintara—she ought to be able to build up a considerable export business to this country. South Africa has done so with her Paarl Amber, White Worcester, and Wynberger, and there is presumably room enough for both countries in the wine trade.

An interesting conflict seems in prospect between the Catholic Church and the faculty of Medicine on the delicate subject of frocks and stockings. The Pope, it seems, has given his blessing to what amounts to a "wear more clothes" movement—or at any rate more clothes are to be worn in Church—while the doctors, it is understood, generally agree with Sir Arbuthnot Lane's dictum that "the nearer a woman's clothes approach nudity, having regard to decency, the better for her health."

For my part, I am now—as I hope always—on the side of the angels; but in this affair I am not quite sure which side the angels are on. If women have to decide between piety and prudence, they may retort that they prefer to think in terms of convenience in the day and beauty in the evening.

As to the opposing authorities, I am inclined to doubt the infallibility of both of them. I have observed that few classes of men wear more clothes than sailors, navvies and omnibus drivers, yet few classes of men are more healthy. Are the doctors quite certain that the minimum of clothing is the sound thing for women—at any rate in winter?

On the other hand, I should venture to disagree with the papal theory that the more a woman shows of her body the more seductive she is; this at least is not one of the truths that is *quod semper*. I have often fallen momentarily in love with a beautiful face in the Tube, but six or seven times out of ten an involuntary glance at the knees has cured the preliminary palpitations of my heart. Long frocks conceal many defects.

THE SORRY PLIGHT OF LIBERALISM

AS the days go by it is becoming increasingly obvious that the Liberal Party is not by any means so enamoured of Electoral Reform, at any rate in the shape of the Alternative Vote, as its leader would like it to be. It is true that Mr. Lloyd George has himself declared that he would have preferred Proportional Representation, but beggars, even political ones, cannot be choosers, and this was the best that could be obtained. Now voices are being raised, not least in the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*, to the effect that the adoption of the Alternative Vote may well weaken rather than strengthen Liberalism, and even Mr. Lloyd George is said to have arrived at the conclusion that the number of seats to be won is infinitesimal. In short, Sir John Simon's gibe that the Liberal Party is dying of tactics is not only true, but it would also appear that Liberals are questioning the tactics themselves. Mr. Lloyd George may aspire to hold the balance as Parnell and Redmond held it, but he lacks the first qualification of success, for Irish Nationalism knew exactly what it wanted while Liberalism apparently does not.

This is not, however, the first time that the Liberal Party has looked askance at the Alternative Vote. A Royal Commission was appointed in 1908, when the tide of Liberalism was at the flood, to enquire into electoral systems, and it reported two years later in favour of the Alternative Vote and against Proportional Representation. There was nothing in the political situation then to prevent Mr. Asquith from adopting the recommendations of this Commission had he considered that the interests of Liberalism demanded it, but he took no action in the matter. Then, again, when the Representation of the People Act came into force in 1918 Mr. Lloyd George was not only Prime Minister, but the most powerful Prime Minister this country had ever known, yet he made no effort to secure the embodiment in its provisions of a measure of either Proportional Representation or the Alternative Vote. In these circumstances, we are not surprised that Liberalism is now beginning to look this particular gift-horse in the mouth, and it is hardly likely to be made more enthusiastic by the fact that the scheme is being recommended to the supporters of the Government on the ground that it is worth forty seats to Labour. The whole thing is reminiscent of the fable of the spider and the fly.

Moreover, the pill which the Alternative Vote is to gild is a more than usually bitter one for Liberalism to swallow. The repeal of the Trade Disputes Act means the revival of "contracting out" of the political levy, so that what the Liberals gain in one direction they are more than likely to lose in another. Nor is this all, for upon this issue they are more divided even than usual, and in consequence may not be able to carry out their part of the bargain with Labour. Here, too, they are in a worse position than the Irish, for the latter to gain Home Rule had merely to join in the attack on the Welsh Church and the House of Lords, which could not do them any conceivable harm in the constituencies from which they drew their strength, while the unhappy Liberals will have

to damage their own electoral prospects in order to obtain a problematical advantage.

What the politicians, with the exception of Sir Oswald Mosley and his friends, do not realize is that it is not the methods of election to which the country objects, but rather the methods of the elected. As we see it, what is required to-day is a stronger executive that knows its own mind and acts upon it; yet the sole result of Electoral Reform must be to produce a weaker one, by making it almost impossible for any one party to obtain an absolute majority of seats in the House of Commons. The Reichstag and the Seym are becoming a laughing-stock to the ordinary German and Polish citizen because of the multiplicity of parties in them, and this in turn is to a very large extent due to the system by which they are elected. To our mind what is at stake is not the future of Liberalism, for it has none, but the future of Parliament itself; and unless Parliament gives up the delusion that political reform is a cure for economic ills, even the great traditions that have grown up through half a dozen centuries may fail to save it from the public resentment. An alternative vote is not much use to a starving man.

SEPARATE OR JOINT ELECTORATES IN INDIA?

[FROM A POLITICAL CORRESPONDENT]

WHEN democratic institutions were first adumbrated for India, a Moslem delegation headed by the Aga Khan waited on Lord Minto and represented to him that if Mohammedans were to be counted as voters in exactly the same way as Hindus, owing to their numerical inferiority, poverty and backwardness in education, they would be submerged in the vast masses of Hindus whom their fathers had conquered. While not opposed to constitutional advance in India, the Moslems demanded safeguards for their civilization and culture. Lord Minto in reply said :

You point out that in many cases electoral bodies as now constituted cannot be expected to return a Mohammedan candidate and if by chance they did so it could only be at the sacrifice of such a candidate's views to those of a majority opposed to his community whom he would in no way represent; and you justly claim that your position should be estimated not only on your numerical strength but in respect of the political importance of your community and the service it has rendered to the Empire. I am entirely in accord with you.

This statement has always been regarded by the Moslems as a pledge, and in the Reforms introduced in 1909, Lord Morley reluctantly consented to Mohammedan representatives in the legislatures being elected solely by their own co-religionists.

Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu seem to have approached the matter with that doctrinaire dislike of anything lacking a reputable precedent in the English constitution, which has been the bane of Indian politics. As, however, the two communities had recently concluded the Lucknow Pact, by which they agreed to the principle of separate electorates and the number of seats to be allocated to each, the Reformers, while regarding "any system of communal electorates . . . as a very serious hindrance to the development of the self-governing principle," were convinced that so far as the Mohammedans were concerned the present system must be maintained until conditions alter.

There is no need to follow in detail the history of this question since the Hindu-Moslem entente broke

down soon after the introduction of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms. At innumerable conferences and inter-communal discussions the matter has been debated, and on every occasion the Hindus have pressed for joint electorates. On two occasions they prevailed upon the Moslem representatives to agree, and on both occasions the Moslem community promptly repudiated their representatives. The second and more important occasion was at the All-Parties Conference which gave birth to the Nehru Report. It was the provision for joint electorates more than any other single thing which caused the rejection of the Nehru Report as in any way a "National demand."

When the recent constitutional enquiry was undertaken, this question was naturally reviewed afresh. Every one of the Provincial Committees concerned was in favour of the retention of separate electorates, although there was usually a Hindu minority in favour of joint electorates. The Indian Central Committee was divided, the Hindu majority and one Moslem recommending joint electorates, two Mohammedans and the disinterested European recommending separate electorates. The Statutory Commission itself considered the matter from every angle, and reluctantly came to the only conclusion that, upon the evidence before it, could be arrived at: that Britain is pledged to continue separate electorates so long as the Moslem community demands them, and that to deprive a minority numbering 70 millions of a right they at present enjoy and to which they are attached with an almost fanatical devotion would gravely prejudice all hope of willing acceptance on their part of the new constitution, and would so fill them with alarm and resentment against the Hindu majority as might imperil the safety and tranquillity of India.

Is Mr. Ramsay MacDonald ignorant of this past history when he intervenes to induce or coerce the Mohammedans into accepting joint electorates—or is it merely that overweening vanity which makes him hopeful of accomplishing on one Saturday afternoon what statesmen and saints and administrators have been labouring vainly to do in India for a quarter of a century past?

Despite all denials, it is a known fact that the British Government has been quietly bringing pressure to bear upon the Moslems to persuade them to surrender their separate electorates. It has even gone so far as for a responsible member of the Government to indicate that joint electorates will be made a *sine qua non* for a further advance in India.

However excellent the motives may have been, such an attitude will be regarded by Moslems throughout the Empire as a departure from the neutrality in communal matters which has always been the principle of Great Britain, and as an attempt to conciliate our political opponents by betraying a community which has been conspicuously loyal in all times of danger and difficulty.

THOUGH YOU HAVE GONE

BY ETHEL MANNIN

THOUGH you have gone, I know
You will come back again. . . .
Why, then, this inward weeping?
Have I not lain
All night within your arms
And kissed you, sleeping?
Why, then, this emptiness
When comes the day?
O Heart that cannot lie,
I know!
I have poured out my dreams,
And given
Bits of my soul away.

HITLER'S FOREIGN POLICY

[FROM A BERLIN CORRESPONDENT]

WHAT is the aim of the foreign policy of the German National Socialist Party? In all but National Socialist quarters in Germany the answer to this question would inevitably be that the advent to power of this Radical Party must unavoidably lead to war. This opinion, held by German officialdom, the Bourgeois parties and the Socialists alike, naturally finds an echo in the foreign Press, and it is not surprising that the rapid growth of National Socialism is viewed with dismay in many parts of the world.

Europe is indeed faced with a grave menace if the view held by Herr Hitler's German opponents is correct, for National Socialism is growing apace and the hopes of its adversaries that the General Election indicated the high-water mark of its development have clearly been shown to be unfounded by the results of recent local elections in Baden, Mecklenburg and elsewhere. Unless something unforeseen happens it must be assumed that National Socialism has come to stay and must—for better or worse—be reckoned with as a serious political factor.

Before adopting the pessimistic view that the rise of the "Nazis" to be the second strongest party in Germany necessarily menaces the peace of the world it would not be inappropriate to study the pronouncements on foreign policy recently made by some of their leaders, for in this respect it can hardly be said that the National Socialists have been given a fair chance. While authoritative statements on foreign policy by the leaders have been allowed to pass virtually unnoticed, every fracas in which irresponsible elements belonging to the party have been involved is reported in detail in the daily Press.

At the end of October, the editor of *La Victoire*, M. Gustave Hervé, requested the German Nationalists to define their attitude regarding his proposals for a Franco-German rapprochement on the following lines: (1) Cancellation of German reparations in the event of the U.S.A. agreeing to the cancellation of the Allied debts. (2) Return of the Saar District without previous plebiscite. (3) French agreement to the Austrian "Anschluss." (4) Return of Togo and the Cameroons to Germany. (5) Germany on entering into a Franco-German Military Alliance to be allowed an armed force equal to the French armed forces stationed in France. (6) Friendly intervention on the part of France in Poland for a return of the Corridor to Germany.

Herr Hitler, alone among leading German Nationalist politicians, gave a detailed answer to M. Hervé, and this answer deserves careful consideration, for it gives valuable indications of the National Socialist attitude regarding international problems. The following are the most important points from Herr Hitler's reply to M. Hervé: Presuming that German disarmament was demanded in Versailles not as a punishment of the German nation, but as the first step in general disarmament, it is most regrettable that France by refusing absolutely to reduce her armaments forces the other European nations to increase their own. Germany will, sooner or later, be compelled to find the necessary means for guaranteeing her security.

There are very serious objections to a Franco-German military alliance, and it is difficult to see why it is needed if, as alleged by M. Hervé, such an alliance is to be strictly non-aggressive. Territorial changes—if any, will, according to M. Hervé, only be made by agreement between the countries affected, and alterations in existing financial international agreements can only be modified with the concurrence of the U.S.A. and the former Allied States. The entrance of Austria into the German Federation is

certainly not a matter of interest to France and Germany alone; Italy's support would have to be gained for such an important innovation in Central Europe.

A military alliance between France and Germany would not, Herr Hitler continues, provide a guarantee for the stability of a slightly reconstructed Europe, it would on the contrary prove a menace to peace by again dividing the Continent into two camps. Although M. Hervé contends that the principal function of the proposed military alliance will be the protection of Europe against the Bolshevik menace, it is improbable that the usurpation by France and Germany of the rôle of protectors of European civilization will carry conviction in other countries.

British interests are menaced by Bolshevism to at least the same degree as those of France, yet Britain is not included in the proposed military convention. In view of the danger threatening all civilized countries a military alliance limited to two countries only is not desirable, as it is more likely to divide than to unite the forces which can be rallied against Bolshevism, and the inclusion of Great Britain, Italy, the U.S.A. and Japan in the anti-Bolshevist front is a necessity. A Franco-German military alliance would be regarded with suspicion in other countries, as it is difficult to interpret France's present military preparations as an action directed against Bolshevism. The fortifications on the Franco-German and the Franco-Italian frontiers, the mobilization of African natives and French naval activity in the Mediterranean can hardly be directed at Soviet Russia.

A Franco-German military alliance cannot for these reasons be regarded as a step forward in the combat against Bolshevism, whereas the removal of the evil effects of the Versailles Treaty which divides the civilized nations into masters and serfs is a vital necessity. A military convention for the preservation of future stability in Europe and for the creation of an effective rampart against Bolshevism is useless unless all the great European nations are included on equal terms and unless the U.S.A. and Japan participate in the defence of civilization.

The National Socialist attitude towards Great Britain has not yet been clearly defined, but the following passage in Herr Hitler's book, 'Mein Kampf,' gives an indication of the party leader's views: "Great Britain does not wish Germany to become a World Power, but France does not want Germany to be a Power of any description. Herein lies an important difference. To-day we do not fight for world power, but for the unification and existence of our country and for the daily bread of our children. If this is taken into consideration, then we can only regard two European Powers as our potential allies, Great Britain and Italy."

In an article written by Herr Rosenberg, a prominent National Socialist member of the present Reichstag, the view is expressed that the chief duty of Great Britain to European civilization consists in the protection of the white race in Africa and Asia, while it is incumbent on Germany to stem the chaotic Mongolian invasion menacing Europe from the East and to counterbalance the influence of France, the protagonist of Black Africa. These respective functions can, in Herr Rosenberg's opinion, only be carried out successfully by the close co-operation of England, Germany and Italy.

The views expressed by the Nationalist Socialist leaders are of particular interest at a time when, on the one hand, the revived idea of a Continental Bloc under French auspices is being widely propagated, and, in spite of the Germans' instinctive distrust of French advances, has found many adherents in Germany, and on the other hand the possibilities of a German-Italian-Russian alliance which might also include Turkey, Bulgaria, Greece and Hungary are being discussed in the German and Italian Press.

THE OPERA SUBSIDY

By A. W. GANZ

PERHAPS the only fact which emerges with any certainty out of the conflicting statements connected with the Government's proposed subsidy to Opera is the position to be occupied by the British Broadcasting Corporation. Complete control over the administration of the Government grant is suggested, and, judging from the indications gathered from various sources, this is the ambition of that body.

A leading spokesman on its behalf has been found in Mr. J. C. Squire, who, in undertaking a defence of the Opera Subsidy, evidently thought his task such a light one that he did not trouble to apply his mind to the facts. He states that the fees paid by wireless listeners for their licences belong to the B.B.C., and that the Treasury, having "abstracted" part of such moneys, is only doing the right thing in paying them back. You need not be one of those lawyers to whom he quizzically refers, to know that this is a complete misconception. Wireless, like other methods of transmitting and receiving messages, is in this country a valuable State monopoly, which the Government is in duty bound to administer to the general advantage. The State, acting through the Post Office, demands a fee of ten shillings a year from every person who owns a wireless set, and this is not a fee for listening to B.B.C. programmes, but the price of a licence to use the wireless set, and receive broadcast programmes from any quarter of the globe (or the universe for that matter), whether it be Hilversum, New York, Moscow or Mars. One might never listen to a B.B.C. programme from one year's end to another, but the fee must be paid just the same. From the total receipts paid to the Post Office, which in 1929 were £1,470,000, the Post Office took £183,750, the Treasury £341,949, while no less a sum than £944,301 was remitted to the B.B.C., whose business, under their Charter and subject to a Post Office licence, is to provide suitable British programmes. It is open to the Government any day to select another or other bodies for the purpose.

Listeners as a whole, or a special class of them have no right to expect the State to forgo the whole or any particular part of the moneys paid for the use of the State monopoly, which of course form part of the State Revenue, a certain proportion properly going in relief of taxation. Clearly the £5,000 proposed to be paid on January 1 to the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate, through the agency of the B.B.C., and the annual subsidy of £17,500 are payments by the State out of public moneys; taxpayers are therefore naturally concerned.

There is some reason for thinking that a similar misconception of the B.B.C.'s financial position in this matter is shared by persons holding high office in that organization. Only the other day Sir John Reith, its Director-General, in a post-prandial address at the Aldwych Club, informed the members that the B.B.C. "practically" subsidized the State. Is there any "just impediment" which should prevent Mr. Snowden, as guardian of the national purse, from undeceiving him?

Mr. Squire's views are even more unsatisfactory when he comes to the question of who should be the recipients of a State subsidy, if there is to be one. Why does he omit all reference to the Imperial League of Opera and to its founder, Sir Thomas Beecham, acknowledged on all hands to be our greatest expert in Opera? Musicians have the gravest doubts as to the advisability of any further extension of the B.B.C.'s musical activities, and they are not likely to listen patiently to sneers directed at the old-established Carl Rosa Opera Company, who, because they travel the country, are rather foolishly dubbed "perpetually peregrinating."

Surely some acknowledgment is due to the spirit which led to the formation of the Imperial League

of Opera, with its cardinal principle that those who want Opera should pay for it, and that the artistic direction should be in the hands of an acknowledged expert. The clerks, working men and others, who have enrolled themselves to the number of 44,000, and subscribed their ten shillings a year to the scheme, can afford to smile at Mr. Squire's cautious avoidance of a fact too awkward to deal with, because they recognize that as they only form a thousandth part of the population, they prefer to pay for their own entertainment. For those who really like Opera physical presence in the opera-house is, after all, a major consideration, and it is no satisfaction to them to be told that "Next year, even if we sit at home, we shall be able to hear operas that we have never heard before."

Moreover, the ill-digested scheme promulgated by the Government clearly takes no account of what is a matter of prime importance, namely, the artistic policy which is to be pursued. As Sir Thomas Beecham pointed out when speaking at Edinburgh on December 8: "The operas the League want are probably not at all the operas that the four million listeners-in want. Where there is no cut-and-dried artistic policy from the beginning you have artistic chaos."

It is strange that Mr. Squire should have committed himself to the suggestion that the B.B.C. and possibly the Post Office or the Treasury should take a hand in the choice of operas for the repertoire. But then it is evident that he would not claim any knowledge as to the running of Opera. The unquestioning submission to the B.B.C., which he postulates, savours of that tone of lofty arrogance which seems to come naturally to those who have acquired the franchise of the ether.

When, as appears likely, the idea of a Government subsidy is withdrawn, the way will be open to the Imperial League of Opera, in accordance with the resolutions passed at last week's meetings addressed by Sir Thomas Beecham, to start giving Opera on its own account, while the B.B.C. can resume its proper function of paying an adequate fee for permission to broadcast some of the performances.

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FIRST YEARS IN ENGLAND—III*

BY HECTOR BOLITHO

EARLY in 1844 the Prince Consort's father died in Coburg. Prince Albert wrote to his brother "with a broken heart and bitter tears." He still loved Coburg dearly and it was "always a favourite idea" that he should return to his "father-house, if only for a short time. . . . This is over now, and I shall never see him again, never see my home with him as I knew it, and as I loved it, and as I grew up in it." And then he felt all the more that his brother Ernst was a broken reed, and he added, "I shall always stand by you with advice and deed."

So Ernst the Second became Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and the letters from this time show that while Prince Albert was establishing his position in England, he was also governing Coburg. Every move that his brother made was advised and every mistake was corrected. Ernst was married to a dear, virtuous woman, and in writing of her and of his own Queen,

Albert said, "Let us take great care of these two jewels, let us love and protect them, for it is in them that we shall find happiness again."

He sent his brother "a pin with a curl of dear father's hair" from the Queen, and he said that he would hurry to Coburg soon. ". . . so many people will make a storm on me that I shall not have much time for business; but I should like to see you especially and to hear what you intend to do, and to become myself so far 'au fait' that should it be necessary to assist you from a distance, it will be easy for me to do so." Stockmar had promised to hurry to England to be near the Queen during the time Albert was in Germany.

Of course, there are no letters between the two brothers while they were together in Coburg, but in April they began again and Albert ended a long letter with "To-day there is to be a drawing-room, not one of the most agreeable things."

In August of 1844 Prince Alfred was born and his father wrote to Coburg and assured his brother that the little one "from his first youth" would be "taught to love the dear, small country to which he belongs, in every respect, as does his father." The new Prince was to have the names Alfred, Ernst, Albert.

In October he wrote from Osborne, where they had "retired to a small house which we shall most likely buy, in the end." This was Osborne House, the Queen's "marine villa," now used as a convalescent home for officers. Albert described it as "situated in a very quiet and retired place." They really wished to possess it for themselves, "so that it will then belong to us and not to the inquisitive and often impudent people."

The King of France had just left them, after a visit of a few days and Albert felt that the exchange of proofs of friendship would "do much good for the European peace." He ended his letter, "To-day is the day of the Rosenau harvest home. Happy time and honey cake!! How busy Papa used to be."

Their Christmas Eve "was totally German and *gemütlich*."

In March of 1845 Albert pleaded with his brother not to be alarmed by stupid rumours appearing in the German newspapers about an attempt "against my person. Console dear Grandmamma, who will be frightened. It is a very exaggerated story. I met a young man with a pistol, on the bad spot, the Constitution Hill. . . . He may be quite a peaceful young man."

But the friendship between the two brothers was not without its storms and in a letter written in May of 1845, Prince Albert said of an unnamed man in Coburg, "Is it reasonable friendship now, all of a sudden, to rouse you up against Stockmar, me, Karl, Alexander Mensdorff and who knows how many others, as if we had no other wish but to speak against you, to tread you down, to rule you, to surround you with spies? . . .

"The worm that is gnawing at your heart and which often robs you of all pleasure in life is mistrust. Those who really love you must have a sincere wish to lift this veil from your soul. It presses itself between you and those who are dearest to you."

Late in May of 1845 the Prince and the Queen were making their plans to go to Coburg. They themselves were to stay at the beloved Rosenau, where Prince Albert was born and where he had spent his childhood. Lord Aberdeen and Lord Liverpool and "two equerries [perhaps Wemyss and Wilde], two Ladies and Clark and Anson" were to go with them. There were also "the Ladies Canning and Gainsborough."

It is curious to come upon the sentence, after this list of names, "You need not fear these people will make any pretensions, for they have already travelled with us, and last autumn they lived with us in a

* The third of a series of four articles, based on hitherto unpublished letters preserved in the archives in Coburg. These letters were written by Prince Albert to his brother, later Duke Ernst of Saxe-Coburg. The writer thanks the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha for permitting him to read and quote from the letters. [Copyright reserved in all countries.]

miserable, small house in Scotland." The Prince Consort adds that "The Ladies Canning and Gainsborough . . . were very merry with us and made no pretensions whatever." He adds that "The servants are always the most difficult question, but we shall try to take all those with us who are Germans. They know how it is in Germany. . . . We do not expect any festivities, we only wish to have an opportunity to see the neighbourhood and the family. . . ." But he added that it would not be "good policy to prevent the people from showing their pleasure at seeing us."

His preparations were all for the Queen's pleasure. He wished her to know and love the little town from which he came. He did not expect grand festivals, but he thought that it would give "Victoria a great deal of pleasure . . . to see the children's procession at the Gregorius festival and a dinner in the Anger would be something *perfectly new* and characteristic of Coburg. All the peasants from the country, who come to Coburg at this time, in their various costumes, would interest Victoria."

"We shall probably go to the theatre several times and I would recommend characteristically German plays, 'Kotzebue' and German comedies and 'The Huguenots.' Victoria likes such plays, and as they are very well given in your theatre they would give her pleasure. . . . Victoria likes to dance, especially at small thé dansants. You might arrange some."

Then there was a postscript: "Regarding the English way of keeping Sunday and the scruples belonging to it, I must mention that on Sundays we would not go to a ball, nor to the theatre, but there is no reason why we should not be happily assembled."

So they set out for Coburg, the Queen and the Prince taking their painting things, pausing on the way to stay with various royal personages, and spending the beautiful month of August on the edge of the Thuringian forest.

It was almost the time of his birthday. The garden of the Rosenau was filled with roses. The late summer crocuses were in the grass, and the harvesters were coming up from the valley, with their trundling, squeaking trolleys.

Of course no letters were exchanged between the brothers during the weeks that they were together, but when Prince Albert returned to England he wrote, as they were approaching Osborne, recalling "one of the most beautiful journeys we ever made, or we shall probably ever make. We can look back with perfect satisfaction to our time together, and we believe all the others who were with us enjoyed themselves in the same way."

On the way home they had paused in Frankfurt, to see the King of Bavaria. He had dined with them and Prince Albert described a short visit he paid to the King in return. "When I entered his room, he wanted to push me out at once, calling out, 'That is not the right one.' But I insisted on it being the right one."

The King of Bavaria, at that time, was the father of the "mad" King and the one who had the famous and scandalous affair with Lola Montes.

He was more pleased with his brother, whose escapades were a constant anxiety to him. For on this occasion he wrote, "Everything I saw at home pleased me very much. Everything seemed to be in good order and it seems that you will also get along well with the nobility. To me, the principal thing seems to be that you should not get annoyed. One thing I would especially advise you to do and that is to give Alexandrine [his wife] needle money. From Grandmamma I heard that she does not even receive a small trifle now and then and that she always has to ask you for it. This is necessary for her if she is to fill her place as mother to the country. She would like to do good and she is very much liked. . . . Here, everything is in good order."

(To be continued)

WOMEN WORKERS IN 1930

IV—OBSTACLES WOMEN HAVE STILL TO CONQUER

BY VERA BRITTAIN

THOUGH industrial tradition has acted as a handicap on middle-class women in almost every professional field, it cannot be held responsible for all the obstacles which women have still to conquer in the majority of occupations. Before they can go forward unimpeded, as all human beings must be if they are to produce the best results of which they are capable, by precedents and prejudices quite unrelated to the intrinsic merits of the individual worker, there are victories to be won over both the numerous forms of opposition in the external world and the various weaknesses and hesitations which, implanted in women by tradition and training, have come to be regarded, quite incorrectly, as inevitable characteristics of womanhood as such.

Among external obstacles having their roots in industrial practice, unequal pay and the custom of marriage retirement have already been mentioned in a previous article. The former handicap is, of course, directly related to the family wage tradition, according to which all men have dependents and all women lack them. This supposition still dominates the economics of industry despite various pieces of evidence which prove it fallacious, such as the survey of certain working-class households made by Professor A. L. Bowley, and the estimate of the 1919 War Cabinet Committee's Minority Report, which gave the number of men over 18 in industry having dependents as about 50 per cent. of the whole, and the number of women similarly situated as about 25 per cent. Many eminent sociologists, such as Miss Eleanor Rathbone, believe that the injustice which results from the payment of a married man's wage to all men, and single woman's wage to all women, can only be remedied by a system of family allowances.

In so far as it is enforced by employers or by professional and industrial regulations, the retirement of women on marriage still provides feminist organizations with one of the chief justifications for their existence. Complicated as it is by its relation to other controversial problems such as birth control and the inadequacy of domestic service, the question of married women's employment is often made the subject of arguments which obscure the fact that to compel a woman to choose between marriage and a career suited to her talents is both cruel and unbiological. Whichever choice she makes the community suffers, for while many women of the best biological type will prefer work to marriage and thus deprive the next generation of much needed high-grade children, others with outstanding intellectual qualities will choose marriage rather than a career, thereby wasting an expensive training, and contributing to the reduction of professional standards by leaving their occupations at the time of maximum efficiency. Nor can it be argued that regulations which make it financially advantageous for a woman to enter into unorthodox sex relations and produce children, if at all, outside marriage, are exactly in the interests of society as at present composed.

In industry, marriage retirement, inevitable as it usually is, presents a quite disastrous impediment to the successful organization of women workers. It is only too usual to find, as officials of voluntary societies largely composed of married women, such as the Women's Co-operative Guild, keen and intelligent workers who, had they remained in industry, would have been pillars of a women's Trade Union.

Further external obstacles which women have to fight include the persistence of male prejudice in the older fields of work, and the insidious under-current of anti-feminism among semi-educated women, who distrust or decry their own sex under the illusion that such conduct pleases men and causes themselves to appear as illustrious exceptions to a rule of inferiority. Prejudice of this kind, when translated into action, results in the opposition of rate-payers to the equalization of pay and opportunities for men and women in municipal services. Their reluctance to combat such opposition was the reason given by several Parliamentary candidates at the last election for refusing to espouse the cause of married women teachers. On the other hand, enlightened local authorities pursuing a bold policy may often, in the present state of the law, be impeded by one autocratic official. The Woolwich Borough Council, for instance, used to pay the same rate to their men and women bath and lavatory attendants, but this expenditure was disallowed by the Government auditor in 1928 on the ground that it exceeded the market rate for such employment.

The difficulties once supposedly inherent in feminine nature itself have diminished rapidly on their physical side during the past thirty years. Not only have such devices as weight-lifting machinery tended to neutralize the consequences of physical inferiority where it actually exists, but healthier clothing, habits and traditions have produced a revolution in the health of women, and many disadvantages thought to be inevitable accompaniments of functional activity have been found to result largely from suggestion and apprehension. The revolution in women's mentality is perhaps less striking, particularly in this and other countries where a tradition of dilettantism and inferior training for daughters still persists in the upper and middle classes. But the self-confidence and initiative of the younger generation of American women, notably in the Western States, goes far to prove that the ingrained sense of inferiority which leads to fear of adventure, failure to insist on rights and a willingness to accept low rates and poor conditions, is not a natural feminine characteristic, but the consequence of long training in self-depreciation.

Perhaps the most hopeful augury for the woman worker's future is to be found in certain social changes and tendencies which favour her fight against both internal and external handicaps. First among these is the political equality recently conceded to women, which should prove—particularly in industrial areas where the women's vote can now determine the result of an election—her best weapon against economic inequality.

The present excess, partly due to the war, of females over males has led to the establishment in industry and the professions of a nucleus of unmarried women who, however much we may regret their sterility from a racial standpoint, render their sex good service by fighting anti-feminist regulations and acting as organizers of less stable workers. Another social development even more vital to women's employment has been the growth of the birth-control movement. The universal tendency towards smaller families in all the self-respecting classes means that many married women return to their occupations after comparatively brief intervals, and a few never leave them. We are, in conclusion, witnessing only the beginning of an important movement to lighten the married woman's burden by a number of desirable expedients. A national maternity service, nursery schools, the provision of home helps and the installation of labour-saving devices, combined with the further extension of birth control, will enable numbers of women whose powers are now exhausted by avoidable domestic duties and anxieties to remain in whole-time or part-time employment

and thus become active members of professional and industrial organizations.

Better training and more freedom of choice, equal pay and opportunities, a more enlightened attitude towards married women and above all the inculcation of confidence in girls from childhood—all these improvements remain to be fought for by women who care for the progress of their sex. In a time of economic depression their achievement may seem far away, but modern social tendencies are on their side, and may well complete the necessary revolution in public opinion before the end of another decade.

THE COMMON COLD

IN the sense in which the acorn is the specific cause of the oak tree, and the samara of the sycamore, the specific cause of the common cold may now be regarded as known. The recent researches of Shibley, Mills and Dochez have established, with a close approximation to certainty, that the *sine qua non* of epidemic colds is a member of that group of organisms—the so-called filtrable or ultra-microscopic viruses—the discovery of which has started a new chapter of medical history. It is, of course, possible, as Hadley suggests, that a filtrable virus is but a virulent dissociate of some common avirulent organism already known to us. Although much has been learned in the last few years, the life history of bacteria is still imperfectly understood; and it may well be that their virulence varies with their stage of growth. But it is something to have eliminated from the fanciful pathology of colds the known forms of the pneumococcus, Pfeiffer's bacillus, and the various streptococci and staphylococci to which causative significance has been so often and so dogmatically attributed. It has now been shown that, whereas inoculation of susceptible individuals with cultures of any of these germs fails to give rise to "colds," inoculation either of chimpanzees or of human subjects with filtered, bacterium-free nasal washings derived from those suffering from the disease can be relied on to give rise, in over forty per cent. of cases, to all the symptoms of the common cold. This fact is in itself of great importance; and of little less importance is the further fact that inoculation with this filtrate leads to greatly increased activity of the many potentially pathogenic germs till then lying dormant in the upper respiratory tract.

The occurrence of a disease associated with the activity of organisms, ordinarily present but inactive, is clearly due to a disturbance of the equilibrium between infection and immunity. Either the infective agent is abnormally abundant or potent, or the immunity is subnormal. Now, the common cold is essentially an epidemic disease; and therefore we must presume that the abnormal cause is not idiosyncratic but general, or, at any rate, widely spread. The seasonal associations of colds cannot be denied; for almost invariably the epidemics arise in months of chill and dampness. One is driven, so far as this disease is concerned, to agree with Dr. A. C. Gill, Director of Public Health for the Punjab, that meteorological conditions are a prime factor in the causation of epidemics. Of course, climatic circumstance may operate in either of two ways: it may lower immunity, or it may promote the multiplication or the virulence of the parasitic organism or virus. Our changed habits during "bad weather" may play some part in lessening our power of resistance to pathogenic germs, but there is little direct evidence to support the contention of many enthusiastic propagandists of the open-air life that it is only when we huddle indoors and shut our windows that we become subject to colds. Plenty of people do this at all seasons of the year, with more or less damage to their general

health, but with no noticeably increased susceptibility to colds, when these are not epidemic. Hygienic reformers, like other reformers, have a weakness for attributing to those sins "they have no mind to," diseases and evils that, in fact, seem to be small respecters of persons or even of habits.

In a recent, officially issued American Health Bulletin it is stated that "no disease known to medical science is caused by heat or cold." Setting aside such obvious disorders as frost-bite and heat-stroke, there is abundant evidence that atmospheric temperatures materially influence our susceptibility to almost every form of germ invasion. In spite of the conclusive experiments of Professor Leonard Hill and others, there is still a very general misconception of the part played by fresh air in human physiology. People continue to discuss problems of ventilation and the open-air treatment of disease in terms of oxygen content and chemical impurities. The stuffy, close atmosphere of a crowded or ill-ventilated room is still commonly assumed to owe its unpleasantry and its evil potentialities entirely to the fact that it is depleted of oxygen and overcharged with the exhalations and emanations of the human occupants. But Professor Hill has pointed out that, during the war, the air of submarines often had its oxygen content diminished by 25 per cent. of its normal proportion, while the carbonic acid totalled 3½ per cent. of the whole, before the men breathing it were sufficiently incommoded to come to the surface; and even then, when the conning-towers were opened, the air from the submarine "struck newcomers as fresh." Such a degree of deoxygenation and such loading with the products of bodily activity never occur in the stuffiest and worst ventilated room. The important fact is that the submarine was surrounded by cold sea-water, so that its air remained cool. Probably its greatest hygienic fault was that the air, by the time these changes in chemical composition had taken place, was heavily charged with moisture.

It is, in fact, the physical condition of the air that impinges on our skin, far more than the chemical composition of the air that we breathe into our lungs, that determines not only our sensory impressions but also our bodily reactions. The skin affords quantitatively our chief contact with the external world. It is the instrument employed for the maintenance of that uniformity of internal temperature which alone has made possible man's biological success. By radiation and conduction, and by the evaporation of perspiration, our surplus heat is constantly being transmitted to the external air. If the air be already saturated with moisture, cooling by evaporation is impossible. While we are familiar with the unpleasantly chilling effect of a cold, dry east wind, we know the equally unpleasant influence of warm air that is both moist and stagnant. The lassitude and depression that we commonly experience in such an atmosphere are but indices of the physiological stagnation within us. The waste products that should be promptly eliminated are but sluggishly removed; and the vitality of every tissue is diminished. It is at such times that the germs of disease which are already present on the surface of our bodies, or floating on particles of dust in the air about us, are enabled successfully to attack our indolent and sleepy cells, to multiply and spread, and to empty their poisonous by-products into our blood-stream.

There are more "cures" for a cold than for any other human ailment; and, as a humorist has pointed out, nearly all are successful—the fact being that, nine times out of ten, a cold untreated runs its course and disappears. In the present state of our knowledge it is almost useless to attempt to avoid exposure to infection. During epidemics we can slightly lessen the risk by avoiding crowds; but more than this is for nearly all of us impossible. The efficacy of anti-

catarrhal prophylactic vaccines and serums is a matter of faith rather than of evidence, though it is likely that the liability to some of the dangerous sequelæ of colds may thus be reduced. Far more important is the maintenance of the natural resisting powers of the body at their highest pitch. Not by undue exposure to cold or by its avoidance can relative immunity be achieved; but by training the skin and the nasal mucous membrane promptly to react to variations of temperature. Chilling and mollycoddling are alike dyshygienic. By vigorous exercise in cool air the circulation is promoted, the muscles are kept irrigated, and waste products are swiftly removed. Ill-toned individuals who frown in stuffy rooms until the heat and humidity cause an unhealthy swelling of the nasal mucous lining, and then suddenly expose themselves to the chilling air of a winter night, are simply asking for trouble. Efficient nasal functioning is, indeed, the first line of defence. The virus of the common cold, like that of vaccinia, is probably able to multiply only in contact with living cells, from which healthy mucus normally cuts it off.

QUAERO

BIRDS' AGES

BY SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

MAN has been watching birds for centuries, and to-day in England it becomes difficult to find a countryman who is not an observer. Yet surprising gaps in our knowledge remain; no one, whether man of science or field naturalist, has even the vaguest idea of the birds' "expectation of life," as the insurers say. If those who possess any precise knowledge on the point will pool it, science may benefit in a particular measure.

We know something. We may even venture one wide generalization: the smaller the bird, the shorter the life. It is true to this point at any rate, that many tiny birds—long-tailed tits, chiff-chaffs, and willow warblers—live very few years; and many big birds—ravens, parrots and probably eagles—live long lives. The comparatively new device of encircling the legs of nestlings and captives with marked aluminium rings is beginning to bring in some evidence of longevity, as ringers report from Germany and America as well as Britain. Mr. Jack Miner, the most famous, has, I believe, a wild goose in his reserve so old that it has given up altogether the migratory habit in favour of stationary residence where artificially provided food is plentiful. The method will bring more information; but so far the negative evidence is more salient than the positive. An amazingly small proportion of the little birds are ever recovered. Some naturalists begin to fear that the weight of the ring may be the cause of death. However this may be, it becomes certain that the mortality among small migrant birds is immense. On a sudden hard frost we may find our fields, even in Southern England, to be crowded cemeteries of redwings, killed by the conjunction of cold and hunger. The cardinal weakness in the bird's economy is quickness of digestion. It must feed continuously. Any long gap is mortal. The small foreign birds in the Regent's Park Zoo died incontinent, because they could only feed in the light and London nights were long. Their life was doubled, was trebled, by the agency of electric light. It was not their spiritual need for "more light," but their physical need for more meals. A woodcock—and it is not unique in this regard—consumes nearly its own weight of food within twenty-four hours. Starvation is the worst of the enemies; but they are legion. Imagine the dangers by flood and field of the migrants, victims of fog (in which they are more helpless than ships), of contrary winds and perhaps of heavy

rain. Even to-day, in spite of the provision of perches and defences against the light, thousands are killed at the lighthouses.

Again, birds are not immune from disease. Pigeons may be decimated by a sort of diphtheria. Microbic diseases are as fatal to grouse and pheasants as liver maladies to rabbits. The moult depresses vitality to the danger point and, indeed, slays some birds, notably penguins, outright. Birds are killed not only by birds of prey and mammal vermin. Blackbirds run a risk from brown owls and stoats (to quote examples I have witnessed); but robins are in greater danger from their own species. In a Surrey studio a robin built its nest for three consecutive years. In the fourth the artist saw his lodger, whose fighting powers began to wane, killed by one of the children. Man, of course, is enemy as well as friend. The most pitiful experience in one observer's experience was the spectacle of a light-house keeper in South Wales sweeping up bucketsful of small birds that had struck the glass.

So it comes about that strangely few birds live the full term that their constitution warrants; and the study of their natural longevity is almost confined to the aviculturists, who keep the birds in sheltered conditions if not in cages. And here we do not know whether the captivity, which prevents sudden death, preserves or dims the vital spark. Still, in most animals there is a natural term more or less independent of circumstance and the caged bird gives, at any rate, certain minima. The keepers of birds in zoos or less roomy places have a fair store of evidence. Whether or not the classic story is true of a parrot in the South Sea Islands, that was the only repository of a dead language, we need not too nicely enquire, for we know that parrots may live as long as a hundred years. It is a deliberate bird, of easy flight, and lives where food is plentiful and climate never very cold. Its food is not dependent on quick and fickle seasons. We know that the ravens, though less retentive of life, will outlive the dog or the horse. They settle down to a solid life. They are monogamous and support two homes, which they use in alternate years, enjoying only such quiet migrations as the Vicar of Wakefield's "from the brown bed to the blue." You would say that they recognized life as a long solid business, unlike the restless swallows, ever on the move, nesting four times (it may be) in the year and travelling in ecstatic flight twice a year over many hundred miles. Now among mammals the length of life is more or less proportionate with the period of growth to puberty; and many of the bigger birds—though here again fuller evidence is wanted—do not mature for several years. Most of the gulls do not nest till, at any rate, the third year; and my conviction is (though I have little evidence) that both rooks and jackdaws may delay parenthood for a year or two at least.

However, the rough relationship of the period of growth and duration of life does not apply to birds. If it did, the parrot would not mature till its twenty-fifth year or thereabouts. Doubtless there are wide individual differences in birds as in mammals. Few horses exceed thirty years of age, but several examples are established of fifty-year-old horses, the old Parrs of their genus, or, a fisherman might say, the old Pikes. Nevertheless, a common average expectation of life, little altered by such exceptions, exists.

Personally, I knew of a captive lark that lived just sixteen years. If we rule out sudden and violent deaths and consider only the natural period of growth and decay, we may, perhaps, take fifteen or sixteen years as rather higher than the normal for a moderate-sized British bird, living in unsheltered conditions. Probably five or six years is the full life of the very small birds, who, like the tits, lay a great many eggs. We have recorded examples of swifts which have returned to the same nesting site in North Britain after

a six years' interval. They probably journeyed to and from Africa every year, an aggregate, say, of 24,000 miles. What vitality must be theirs! And what hardships! That pair can scarcely have been nearing their natural term when they were nesting in, at least, their eighth year of life.

Game preservers, as a rule, are convinced that most game birds, without reference to the guns, are comparatively short-lived. The old cock grouse or rogue cock pheasant earns the attribute in his fourth or fifth year. These birds lay a large clutch of eggs; but there is no obvious rule. Ducks are certainly long lived, though they have big families, many of which die of starvation, because hatched too early, and suffer more than most birds from inability to fly during the period of moult.

If we may make any generalization, it is that the bigger birds and those that lay few eggs live long, even if it may be in relation to mammals; and those that are small and lay many eggs live very brief lives, sometimes not longer than an insect's. If a graded list may be ventured, it would begin with the parrot and end with the wren or the long-tailed tit. Between would come, in order, eagles—individuals have been kept in private aviaries for nearly fifty years—vultures, with rather shorter records. It is thought that herons and pelicans live as long. Ravens, pigeons, peacocks may live a score of years. Thrushes and blackbirds rather less and very many other birds—as a maximum—perhaps fifteen or sixteen years. But the data are small. In one of the best books in the language on "the biology of birds," the subject of their longevity is not so much as mentioned. It is time that the gap should be filled.

"SUITABLE GIFT"

By DORIS ESTCOURT

ONCE upon a time there was a Shopwalker in a Luxury Department Store who ate too much Christmas pudding. He fell asleep and dreamed he was imprisoned in a room furnished entirely with Suitable Christmas Gifts. He seemed to have been there for hours and hours. There was no door and only one tiny window, high up. He walked right round the walls—which were panelled in shining green, with gilt mouldings—but he could find no way out.

The room was crowded with small irrelevant pieces of furniture, and on every table and shelf were innumerable little painted and padded objects, and pyramids of coloured boxes and cases, all trimmed with zig-zag gold braid. Everything in the room had a little ticket on it saying "Suitable Gift."

The Shopwalker's head swam and his feet ached. He wanted to sit down, but there were no chairs; only black satin pouffes and brocade-covered slipper-boxes which promised no support for a weary back. The pouffes and the slipper-boxes were all trimmed with zig-zag gold braid. Suddenly in a corner he noticed a small divan, upholstered in green satin stripes and trimmed with gold braid. He went eagerly towards it and lay down on the round pillows, which were covered with mauve satin and had long gold tassels growing out of their middles. But the gathers and the tassels were uncomfortable, and he soon got up again.

He wished there were some writing materials; he might throw a note out of the little window. Or a telephone. He began to look in some of the round satin boxes. They were all sizes, and looked much alike outside, but in one of them he found a bottle of scent, in another six reels of cotton, in another some chocolates. Evidently in this room things were not what they seemed. He went on hopefully, open-

ing more and more boxes—a pincushion, a doll dressed in a powder puff, a box of powder. At last! a bottle of ink! He removed it from its silk-lined case and cleared a place for it on one of the tables, where it sat among the braided boxes looking like a good plain cook at a mannequin parade.

Encouraged by this he began feverishly to examine every movable object in the room. A posy of wax flowers turned out to be a matchbox in disguise; a painted wooden pheasant on a grassy rectangle had a blotter on the under side of its terra firma; a dog with a stick in its mouth spat forth a tape measure; little silk cases in the form of cats and squirrels contained pairs of dress-hangers or shoe-trees bound round and round with yards of coloured ribbon. A waxen posy growing out of a flower pot revealed itself, after careful study, to be a pen in a stand.

The Shopwalker seized the pen eagerly and put it with the ink. Now for some paper. He hunted high and low for paper, but in vain. Finally, in desperation, he began to collect some of the little tickets which said "Suitable Gift." There was only room for about one word on each, as the inscription was wreathed copiously with sprigs of holly, and the reverse side was imitation tapestry.

But there seemed to be something queer about the tickets. As soon as he got two together on the table and turned to reach another, the first fluttered to the floor. Over and over again he retrieved them or brought fresh ones; the faster he assembled them, the faster they eluded him, until he was running round and round the room with his feet hardly touching the floor. Then, snatching at a ticket on a crinolined doll, he knocked the little creature over and disclosed—a telephone!

A telephone! Blessed, solid, familiar sight! Now writing, and all those queer elusive tickets, did not matter. Breathlessly he whipped off the receiver, babbling "Hello, hello, hello!" in his anxiety.

A toneless voice replied, "Suitable Gift."

The Shopwalker shook the receiver hook and gave a number.

"Useful Present," replied the voice.

The Shopwalker tried again, but the voice only went on, getting louder and louder, "Suitable Gift, Useful Present, Suitable Gift, Useful Present, Suitable Gift...."

In despair and rage the Shopwalker flung the instrument at the green panelled wall, and was aghast because the impact was soundless. Almost frantic with a growing feeling of suffocation, he rushed against the paneling himself, and found that—even the wall was not really a wall. As the green satin and gold braid gave under his weight, he fell through it with a crash and awoke.

THE LOST BALL

BY FRANCIS HACQUOI

(This story has been awarded the Third Prize in the Short Story Competition.)

HERE was a poet once who grew fond somehow of playing at the golf. Faith, he'd better have taken to some other occupation, for he could make nothing of it at all. For where another would accomplish his purpose in one stroke, he'd take ten for that same; and the sticks he'd be breaking would be materials for a fire to last a cold night, and a great sum they'd have cost him. And that was not the worst of it either. For the other players that were the sons of wealthy men and had received instruction from their master would be laughing at him all the while.

"Faith," says one, "that old mouldy poetry man'll be the death of me with laughing yet, the way he takes hold of his stick as if it were a girl, and she wanting to be kissed and he afraid of her."

"'Tis nothing to the way he behaves on the green," says another, "for there the ball'll be running to and fro for ten minutes, maybe, and he leaping after it like a cat all the while."

So he was angry with these, and they sassing him all the time. And he got out his rhyming dictionary and made use of his poetic art to compose satirical verses: not long was he in doing that, and horrible cutting rhymes they were, to be sure, disagreeable to be heard by those against whom they were directed. The thought was in his mind to send them to the captain of the club for the golf-playing, so as to shame him and the other players, but he restrained himself.

"I'll astonish the whole world yet with my golf-playing," says he, "but anyhow, maybe, I'd better have a trial first when there's none about."

So the next morning he rose from his bed early and took his stick for playing the game, and a can of tea, and a crust of bread, and went out: and it was three o'clock or maybe four, and the appearance of a fine windless day, and the sun scarce up because of the law concerning the summer time: and not a soul abroad in the whole land. Greatly pleased was the poet by that, and he says as he prepares to play his game:

"I feel grand this morning, and please God I'll be round in a hundred strokes more or less this time."

So he struck at the ball with his stick, violently: and the ball raised itself from the ground as if it had life, and pursued its way through the air like a bird flying till it was lost to his sight in the direction of the west. So the man was dumbfounded to see it escape him thus, and he says, looking at his stick:

"Whether it's you or I that's responsible for this," says he, "I'm for moderation in the future or we'll be destroying the population, me hitting out so strongly."

II

Then he pursued after the course the ball had taken and walked so far he came to a strange country he could not remember to have visited formerly. There was no road in all that land, not so much as a boreen: but it was all old and quietlike, tossed up in hills and growing most abundantly with tulips and hyacinths and them fancy flowers you can't lay a name to easily.

"'Tis a strange country, this," says he. "I'm wondering whether I've wandered into Africa or Spain by mistake, or whether this is a parish of earth at all, but a dream country caused by an indigestion of the stomach."

However, he went on and presently he saw a little man sitting on a stone the way he would be thinking strongly on some subject or other. He was stoutish and oldish to look at, and all his clothing was a white shirt he had on and white hat on his head: a gold ring he had on his right forefinger. The player at the golf saluted him and said:

"If it's no trouble to you I'd be glad to know if you've seen a white ball travelling this way of late. For, from hitting it too violently it went further than I intended and entered this country and I misdoubt," says he, looking around, "but it has concealed itself somewhere amid these bushels of great flowers."

"Sit down on that stone opposite to me," says he, "and make yourself at ease. For I'm no other than the very same ball you're seeking."

The man sat down.

"Heard anyone ever the like of this," says he, "that a player at the golf should sit upon a stone in a strange country, conversing with a ball that he's lost."

"It's uncommon," says the other, "but then I was not properly a ball at all, but the appearance of one."

"Then what are you rightly?" says the man.

"I'm a leprechaun," says the old man.

The player at the golf whistled.

"I suspected that partly when first I set eyes on you," says he, "and what caused you to take a fancy to become a golf ball of a sudden, may I enquire?"

"It was a punishment," says the other. "We leprechauns have a king, you see, and when he's displeased with one of us, he makes him perform the duty of some implement of man. Faith, I've been a dustpan in my time, and a mangling machine. And when any implement is queer and uneasy, be sure it's no implement at all, but a leprechaun performing the duty of one. And of late, because of the great power golf playing has got in this world, our king (God bless him) has taken a fancy for turning us into golf balls; and them's the ones that get lost in a plain place suddenly beyond the wit of man or boy to discover. But when I saw that you were a maker of poetry, it came into my mind to lead you into this quiet place and discover myself and give you some advice."

"Advice is it?" says the player. "You may spare yourself that trouble. The newspapers is that full of advice to us players, we don't know where to turn."

"It's not that sort of advice I mean," says the leprechaun, "it's respecting your conduct in life. It's given me sorrow the way you've been carrying on of late. What cause have you now to be taking to this sport? You that's such a great maker of poetry? D'ye think Virgil, or Cicero, or any of them great poets would be doing such a thing? The way they'd be going to the races if they wanted a bit of sport, and laying a pound on a horse, maybe: but no man encountered with one of them, it's certain, beating a ball round a field and cursing himself that hoarse he could hardly call for a drink afterwards. Is it entertainment now that you're having at all?"

"It is not," said the man, "but rather a bitter anger, a whistling rage of desire, a distress in all my limbs, and a heated vexation of mind whenever I think of it."

"Faith, if you were married to a rich woman and she a shrew, you'd have no symptoms worse than those you've mentioned," says the other. "Only then will you be free of such feelings when you've laid aside this play and betaken yourself to your art for the remainder of your life. A man that would live decently must stick within the four walls of his profession, it's sure."

III

The man got off the stone he was sitting on and stood up to go.

"I won't deny there's something in all that nonsense you've been repeating to me," he said. "I doubt myself at times whether I've the genius in me'll take me round the course in fewer than a hundred great strokes of my stick. But I'll be leaving you to yourself now, for I've no desire to sit here all day discoursing with a lost ball. For I have lost you, I suppose?"

"You have that," says the old man shortly.

"Then good-day to you," says the man, and with that he picks up his stick and walked away. And when he had climbed over the fence that marked the division of the course he looked back and there was no trace of that strange country to be seen. By this he understood he had set foot by accident on a camp of the Sidhe. So he passed by the circle of the players that were the sons of wealthy men, where they stood laughing and crying out words of encouragement as they beat on the hillocks, and came home, and the same day he wrote a long poem that was published afterwards in a weekly journal.

But the leprechaun was wrong, partly. For some time after that the man set eyes on a girl, Mary Ellen by name, who was beautiful, with whom he discovered himself to be in love and she with him likewise. So he agreed with her parents as to the dowry and they were married; and in her arms he forgot both his poetry and the golf-playing. And he lived to become the likeness of a man well thought of in this world.

THE FILMS

FRANCE AND THE FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

Sous les Toits de Paris. Directed by René Clair. The Alhambra.

THE French film industry, even more so than the British, suffered a severe blow from the war, and the attitude of the Frenchman, which has been to a large degree a defeatist one toward his own product, has placed an additional burden upon the shoulders of their enthusiasts. The reason for this attitude lies in the fact that the most prominent French directors and producers have been inclined to rely upon the formation of images rather than the action of the story to maintain the interest of their film public; a condition of affairs which was never so apparent as in the picture, 'La Passion de Jeanne D'Arc,' directed by Monsieur Dreyer and recently revived by the Film Society.

The French possess, however, a few directors of great talent and, owing to the method of centralization employed in France, the minds and intentions of those directors are much more clearly projected in their pictures than is the case with the directors of other countries. Of those Frenchmen no one discloses his own viewpoint toward life, which is a thoroughly French viewpoint, more clearly than their brilliant comedy director, Monsieur René Clair, who has so far completed three pictures of importance. The first of these, 'Le Chapeau de Paille D'Italie,' had a most insignificant story, yet out of what amounted to no more than an incident, Monsieur Clair evolved a study of French life which was not only pictorially satisfying but was extremely witty. This film was followed in 1928 by 'Le Deux Timides,' and his latest comedy, 'Sous les Toits de Paris,' is now being shown at the Alhambra, the management of which is to be congratulated upon its enterprise.

In 'Sous les Toits de Paris,' Monsieur Clair has relegated the dialogue to its proper place, and, though the little that there is helps the action, there is no necessity for anyone to be a French student to arrive at a real understanding of the picture. The story is a slight one, but it is much more evident than those which have served for Monsieur Clair's former films. The scenes are laid in a poor quarter of Paris where Albert, admirably played by Albert Prejean, makes his living in the street by singing and selling new songs, the latest of which provides not only the title of the picture, but its whole motive. The girl Pola, also excellently played by Pola Illery, is attracted by his latest song, but also herself attracts the bully of the quarter, a burly fellow called Fred. Pola's heart proves much more difficult to control than one would have imagined, and, after it has gyrated in an alarming fashion between Albert, Fred and Albert's best friend, Louis, to the detriment of the entire neighbourhood, it beats at length with some degree of confidence next to that of the last named.

In the working out of this simple theme Monsieur Clair has succeeded in putting upon the screen a section of Paris which is admirably built up and deliciously characterized. One or two of the sequences are perhaps a trifle extended, but judged as a whole the picture takes its place beside the other three fine comedies of the screen, namely, Monsieur Clair's own 'Le Chapeau de Paille D'Italie,' Mr. Chaplin's 'A Woman of Paris' and Herr Lubitsch's 'The Marriage Circle.' What is more pleasing perhaps is that this latest production shows that Monsieur Clair continues to be uninfluenced by any films from Hollywood, with the exception of Mr. Chaplin's aforementioned comedy, which is an excellent condition of affairs.

THE THEATRE

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

To See Ourselves. By E. M. Delafield. Ambassadors Theatre.

Caviare. A revue. Little Theatre.

Black Coffee. By Agatha Christie. Embassy Theatre.

I AM not at all sure that the Censor ought not to have banned this play of Miss Delafield's. For it is, potentially at any rate, a much more anti-social play than—well, 'The Queen Bee,' for example. The latter is a warning against living matrimonially (or otherwise) with exceptionally clever and alluring French women, and is therefore a work of purely academic interest so far as English audiences are concerned. 'To See Ourselves,' on the other hand, purports to depict an ordinary English woman, married to an ordinary English husband; and I find some difficulty in believing that any ordinary English girl, who has seen, fully appreciated, and remembered its depressing picture of an ordinary English marriage, will not as a consequence think twice—and thrice—before marrying an ordinary English man.

There is another respect in which this play of Miss Delafield's is potentially more dangerous than M. Antoine's. M. Antoine's method is to take a microscope and show us certain female qualities, latent (so he says) in every woman, but developed fully only in the rarer and more perfect specimens. And somehow, to the ordinary layman, nothing that a microscope reveals ever seems entirely credible. Miss Delafield's method, on the other hand, is life-size portraiture, and so calmly and soberly realistic (with just an occasional use of a not very powerful magnifying-glass, when drawing our attention to some entertaining detail) that I, for one, cannot doubt that there are thousands of people like her Allertons, dotted about all over the English countryside. Moreover, these are the apparently successful, happy marriages! "Happy"!—when, according to Miss Delafield, the wives are a mass of repressed desires and living the unnatural life of a female vegetable! . . . So if the number of marriages celebrated in the West End of London (or the southwest end of England; for the scene of the play is Devonshire) decreases appreciably during 1931, Miss Delafield may find herself regarded as in part responsible, with Lord Cromer as accessory.

You see, to begin with, Mrs. Allerton was plain. (Miss Delafield, as I have already said, is writing about ordinary women; and I am sorry to have to say it, but the evidence is overwhelming; nine women out of every ten are plain. The tenth is very often ugly.) Also, she had obviously been brought up at a time when plain girls were not encouraged to try to disguise, or even modify, their homeliness by subtle artifice. And so naturally, having married a nice, dull, equally plain husband, she settled down as a nice dull wife, in Devonshire. There they lived a nice dull life together; and Mr. Allerton, being a man, was perfectly happy and contented, with his paper-mill by day and his *Morning Post* for after dinner. But was Mrs. Allerton contented? Not a bit of it!—though she was merely vaguely conscious of her discontent, of a mild regret that her husband failed to show the slightest interest in either her dowdy clothes or her dreary conversation about servant-troubles.

But if Caroline Allerton was tolerably well satisfied with this existence, Jill, her very much younger and more "modern" sister, wasn't. Jill, in fact, was doubly dissatisfied. She didn't like to see her married sister living like a vegetable; and she also didn't like the prospect of herself becoming similarly vegetative—a fate which seemed to her inevitable if she married Owen, the nice young man she was vaguely engaged to, or any other ordinary young Englishman. (Owen,

as he pointed out to her, was actually a Welshman; but that didn't seem to affect the argument. So there was Jill in just that anti-matrimonial state of mind into which, I fear, this play may plunge any number of young girls who witness it!

Now came an episode which personally I found utterly incomprehensible and unbelievable (though so discreetly written and acted that somehow it was neither ludicrous nor boring; it was also the cause of some delightful consequences). Jill—exactly why, I never understood; but apparently from some pointless desire to rouse her sister from her dull contentedness-induced young Owen to make love to Caroline; and Owen, to please Jill, began to do so. Caroline, I gathered (it was all rather vague), was momentarily half-convinced that Owen was sincere. This scene was sheer play-making, and involved at least two manifestly false assumptions: one, that Owen would have consented to play such a silly, shabby and essentially feminine trick on a prematurely middle-ageing friend; and two, that Owen was as clever an amateur actor as the professional actor who played the scene, since otherwise he would certainly have bungled it so badly that Caroline would not have been even momentarily deceived.

Still, the improbability and factitiousness of this particular episode would doubtless have been less noticeable had the rest of the play not been so scrupulously truthful. And it certainly led to a dangerously realistic bedroom scene. Dangerously? Well, surely if it's dangerous to public morals to depict the average extra-matrimonial bedroom as an attractive and exciting place, it must be equally dangerous to reveal the bedroom of the average married couple as a place where life consists of looking for lost tooth-brushes, and the husband himself, even—or rather, especially—when half-dressed, is utterly devoid of Sex Appeal. This is just the sort of perfectly obvious thing that somehow never occurs to the Censor; and once again I wonder whether this play of Miss Delafield's, and particularly this disillusioning bedroom scene, may not have a deplorable effect on next year's marriage statistics? . . . Still, doubtless the average girl will be as blissfully illogical as Jill eventually was; for after turning Owen down from fear lest marriage might Carolinize her, she ended up by deciding to marry him after all—not because of anything having proved to her that her fears were groundless, but simply because his pretence of making love to Caroline had made her feel a pang of jealousy. Because of this she decided that she must really be in love with him—a fact of which she was (or so I understood) perfectly well aware at the time when she turned him down!

Miss Marda Vanne, as Mrs. Allerton, gave a flawless performance. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, though inclined at times to over-emphasize the stupidity of Mr. Allerton—and the part "simply asked" for rank bad over-acting—played very cleverly indeed. Miss Helen Spencer was an excellent Jill; and Miss Audrey Cameron is to be congratulated on her Parlourmaid. The difficult part of Owen was extremely well played by Mr. Maurice Evans, who has only to learn to brush his hair in a more modern fashion, to win recognition as the best young actor on the London stage to-day.

I think the less I say about the other two entertainments on my list, the better. 'Caviare' I thought pretentious and for nine-tenths dull. 'Black Coffee' is unpretentious and for eight-tenths even duller. Two ingredients are essential in this type of detective-play. One is that the Great Detective shall detect the criminal; in this one, Hercule Poirot simply listens to a series of gratuitous confessions. The other is that every member of the audience shall feel, at the end, like kicking himself for not having spotted the murderer. One has no such feeling at the final curtain of Miss Christie's play. It is, moreover, amateurishly constructed and written in clichés. The acting is conscientious rather than inspired.



SIR SAMUEL HOARE

THE "SATURDAY" CROSS WORD PUZZLE—VII

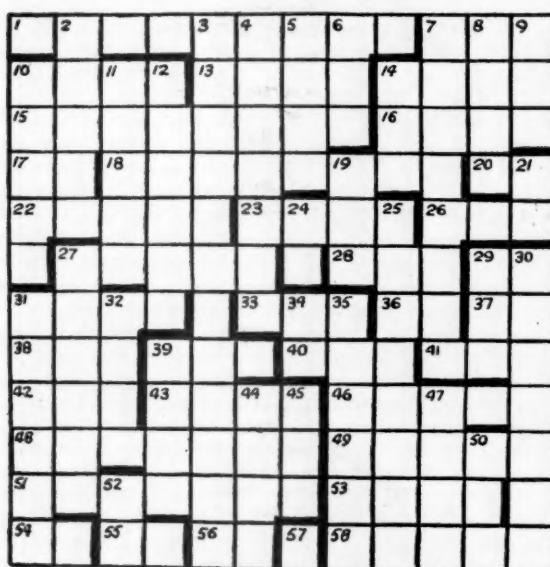
"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Wednesday following the date of publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

NOTE.—The following numbers make a verse of an old rhyme: 9, 12, 10a, 2, 57, 31a, 39a, 30, 14a, 54, 7a, 38, 58, 57, 12, 10a, 2. The clues to some of these words are missing.



Across.

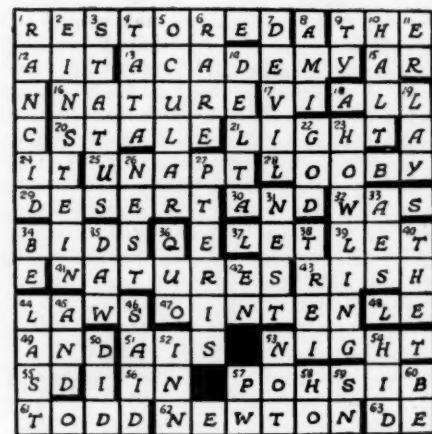
CLUES.

- Did the cow that was milked by the maiden all forlorn use this crooked old wind-instrument?
- Weird.
- Constrain.
- Upon.
- Dew congealed before 21.
- Slipping away.
- rev. Impel before 52 reversed.
- There's a sound of death in this.
- I a Greek letter.
- See 45.
- "No! why are thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial of sleeve-silk."
- "Surname? What is that? My father sometimes calls himself d—";
- When enclosing 37 these gas-bags were a notable feature of the war.
- The flower of all the king's knights was always this.
- For me to swallow 24 is labour.
- See 29a.
- A low kind of noise.
- When I precede a native I am issuing from a source.
- "When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine, when only the ledger lives, and when only not all men —."
- I require 55 to make an octave.
- Bill, the Lizard, was a this when he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day.
- One form of a long Turkish dagger.
- Behind.
- Hyphenated quadrupeds allied to the lemur.
- "There is a tide in the affairs of men," but Brutus didn't mean this sort.
- See 43, or a little ladies' order.
- To swallow my neighbour is wicked.
- See 56.

Down.

- Extinct genus of garoid fishes.
- "O God, what mischief work the wicked ones, — confusion on their own heads thereby!"
- "The fractions of her faith, — of her love, (etc.)—, are bound to Diomed."
- Grain.
- The instrument kept in this box can itself be boxed.
- A blast turned inside out to help a man to make a seat.
- Grip afforded the gentleman so much delight by drawing these that he wanted to buy him.
- A hook that has caught up the Welsh National Emblem.
- Seek in marriage is half the gallows!
- Nothing could make me a Greek letter though I might be pronounced like one.
- See 17.
- See 36.
- This was the trade of 'Hal of the Wynd.'
- Mental soundness.
- See 50.
- "here is the little one that has seen your dances in your hidden places—the sight that never man saw! Give him honour my lords! — kara, my children."
- Mental image.
- Mother going back?
- I stretch about five miles in India.
- Garment from a goat.
- Rearranged without adulteration and taken.
- Before 26 I might be considered as describing a Baronet's name, or a barrel organ!
- I am rare.
- Followed by 29d I become an infusion.
- See 20.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. V



HIDDEN QUOTATION.

"Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night,
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."
A. Pope

"It did not last. The Devil howling 'Ho!
Let Einstein be,' restored the status quo."
J. C. Squires

Quoted from 'The Week-end Book—1927.'

NOTES.

Across.

- Ardent.
- 'In Memoriam,' lv.
- Allure.
- 'Merchant of Venice,' II, 9.
- M. Arnold, 'Sohrab and Rustum.'
- 'Pickwick Papers,' ch. 34.
- Lethe.
- Rishi and Irish.
- Exod., xviii, 20.
- Oint(m)ent(t).
- Milton's 'Comus,' I, 105.
- S = 70 and D = 500.
- Bishop (drink) inverted as if poured out.
- Toddle.
- Newton was Master of the Mint.
- Vide.

Down.

- Theory of Relativity.
- Binocular.
- 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' I, 1.
- I 'Henry IV,' II, 4.
- Tyburn-tree.
- Halter.
- Two meanings.
- Bedawin = Bedouin.
- Quoin and Quoit (verb).
- Trei (LL) (AGE).
- Engaged.
- 'Tempest,' II, 1.
- I 'Henry IV,' III, 3.
- II Chron., 22, 9.
- Whop = whip.
- secundum naturam (abbr.).
- Board of Education (abbr.).

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. V

The winner is Lady Duke, 29 Sheffield Terrace, Kensington, W.8, who has selected for her prize, 'Alpine Flowers,' by Hegi (Blackie, 7s. 6d.), (advert. Dec. 6, p. 761).

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS NEW SERIES—XII

A poet recently remarked that the limerick was a bastard form of verse, since apart from the low company it keeps its very form makes it useless for serious poetry. A critic happened to be present at the discussion and, though not a poet, he ventured to disagree with the poet's dictum. He fortified his dissent with the following limericks :

There was a young man who cried, Lo !
This world is no more than a show,
Love falters, then dies,
Beauty fades ere it flies,
That's all that we know or can know.

An old man replied : Life's a dream
Whose shadows like substance may seem.
Love dies, beauty flies,
But the soul may arise
To the height where the true light doth gleam.

And a mystic then murmured : I know,
Even I, who dwell here below,
That beauty and love
Both reflect God above.
He is all. So true vision shall show.

This is certainly not poetry; but at least it seems to show that the limerick form may be put to serious use. In order to test this experiment more fully, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers four prizes—Ten Guineas, Seven Guineas, Five Guineas and Three Guineas—for the four best limericks in serious—i.e., tragic, pastoral, religious or philosophic vein. Irony is permitted, but the merely funny or trivial will be disqualified.

One limerick will be sufficient to win a prize, but if the competitor feels that a single limerick is too short to contain the thought he desires to express—as in the specimen quoted above—he may construct a sequence of not more than five limericks for submission to the judge. (In no case, of course, will more than one prize be given to each entrant.)

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and the verses must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

Every effort will be made to return contributions if a stamped addressed envelope be sent, but the SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or delayed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, February 9, 1931. It is hoped to publish the results early in March.

RESULT OF COMPETITION IX

B. A youthful divinity, stung by the coldness of the lady he adores, purchases a lipstick, intending to present it to her with the pathetic message that it at least may touch what he may only look at. On reflection, however, it occurs to him that his sentiments would be more effective in verse than in prose; but since he is unhappily incapable of poetry, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers a Prize of Two Guineas for the best set of amatory verses on this subject.

JUDGE'S REPORT

This competition ought to have been reserved until the spring, when young men and others are turning their thoughts to love. The entries were numerous but showed signs of debility, due doubtless to colds in the head. In most of them there was as little humour as amatory passion, and the level was that of the old sentimental Valentines. A. G. was amusing in a ruder strain, but fought too shy of lipstick, while L. V. Upward was best of the pure romantics. The anonymous rhymester who gave his girl a sugar-

stick in childhood, and now pined to give her the stick, had my sympathy, and, if his second verse had been as bright as his other three, would have been the winner. As things are, I advise that the prize be given to Gertrude Pitt for her wistful conceits. Competitors, by the way, differed as to what was meant by "a youthful divinity." Several took the words to indicate Apollo: one took them to signify a curate. I, however, agree with the majority in holding that any man in love may acquire divine status.

THE WINNING ENTRY

Since you deny me bliss,
I can but send a kiss
Thus indirectly.
Remember, when you take
This little stick, to make
Your "bow" correctly.

The happy thing will die
From too much kissing—I
From slow starvation !
Are such fair cherries wrought
With constant pains, for naught
But admiration ?

Believe me, our quartette
Of lips together set—
All "stick" forsaking—
Could easily bestow
A red and perfect bow
Of Love's own making !

GERTRUDE Pitt

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

TORY CANDIDATES

SIR—I agree with the statement made in your issue of November 29. It is galling that the Tory Party should always select candidates from the wealthy, often bringing a complete outsider to represent a constituency in which, and for which, he has very little or no interest whatever.

At the same time, it must be realized that many middle-class lads who, by reason of their energy and ability have risen to responsible and well-paid positions in business, can scarcely be expected to throw up these positions at the height of their intellectual and business career for £400 per annum and all that such a sacrifice means to their home and family.

If the Tory Party is to obtain men of calibre as candidates for Parliament, it is imperative that such men should be guaranteed an income which would free them from financial worry.

If this were done a suitable candidate could be found for the constituency in which he lived.

I am, etc.,

Totley Rise, Sheffield THOS. G. JAMESON

ARE SWEEPSTAKES IMMORAL?

SIR—I did not win the Irish Hospital sweep, but I am glad that the Dublin hospital netted as much as they did. Lord Knutsford is writing to me for money. Queen Charlotte is asking me to dance in a Persian harem. The Middlesex and twenty others expect me to do my bit for them. And I seriously wish to know why it is wrong to channelize the gambling spirit, which is natural to this country, for the sake of our hospitals.

I am told by parsons that the sweepstake is unconstitutional, but I have discovered that Matthias was added to the apostles by a process of lottery.

I am told that some conscientious subscribers would withdraw their subscriptions from hospitals that indulged in a sweepstake. May I ask whether it is not possible for hospitals to be divided into two camps, one of which would be run in future by the proceeds of the sweeps, while the other could rely on the subscriptions of the unco' guid.

Dr. Gogarty of Dublin has pictured an amusing Irish town of the future, chiefly composed of hospitals erected in order to provide fuel for the craze for sweepstakes. But there is a limit and a moderation in all things, and four sweeps well organized per annum would enable all the debts on all English hospitals to be paid off. Surely sweepstakes, like charity, should begin at home.

All the same, I am investing in the Irish Derby sweepstake with a light heart in spite of being only

AN OLD-FASHIONED LADY

ELECTORAL REFORM

SIR,—It will be a surprise to Liberals to learn from Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle's letter in your issue of December 13 that opposition to sweepstakes and gift schemes is now a plank of the party.

If a crowd of people agree to give ten shillings apiece to one of their number that is their affair; and if they propose to hand over a proportion of the total to hospitals so much the better. As for gift schemes, these would appear to come within the historic Liberal principle of retrenchment. Thanks largely to gift schemes connected with cigarettes, last year's Revenue receipts from tobacco showed a gain of £3,700,000. This year there is certain to be another big rise as the increased consumption of cigarettes is stated to run already into hundreds of millions. All this means money to the Exchequer in reduction of other taxation—quite apart from the benefits of increased employment in the tobacco industry.

As far as the Electoral Reform Bill itself is concerned, we shall now look to Sir Nicholas proving in the appropriate division lobby the reality of his unexpected anxiety that the will of the people shall prevail.

I am, etc.,

A. E. NEWBOULD

(M.P. for West Leyton, 1919-22)
Wimbledon Park, S.W.19

MIXED MARRIAGES

SIR,—May I offer "Truth-seeker" the following scraps of information?

1. The Roman Church does not teach that all outside its pale are "heretics, and probably lost eternally." Her doctrine of "invincible ignorance" covers even the originators of heresies, who, she holds, may be saved if they have acted in good faith and not for worldly advantage.

2. The "Church" may be understood in a very much wider sense than is commonly supposed. In 1922 the Bishop of Fréjus and Toulon published a booklet entitled 'Christian Doctrine,' in which he explained that "the only true Church, Catholic, Apostolic, Roman," includes not only "the baptized of the whole world," but "all men of all races, under all religious forms—altered in the course of ages, by human infirmity, or invented by the heads of nations—if they are of good faith in their invincible ignorance and believe in only one God and His Providence beneficent for all."

3. Fifteen years earlier Pope Pius X had gone still further by "earnestly entreating in the Lord" all the faithful to pray, at the Holy Mass, for all sinners in the death-agony, to "commend to the Sacred Heart of Jesus the sinners throughout the whole world who

must die this day," and to beseech God "that the precious blood of Jesus the Redeemer may obtain mercy for them." Indulgences are offered to those who duly repeat these prayers, as may be seen from notices displayed in churches in France and Italy. In these placards, dated October 26, 1907, the number of persons dying daily is said to be 140,000, or fifty-one million a year.

I am, etc.,

NON-ROMANIST

SIR,—I have read the correspondence on mixed marriages, that ever-recurring dispute, and the Notes which gave rise to it, and I should like to endorse what you have said. The Roman Catholic Church is under strong discipline and its Bishops may justly be held responsible for their subordinates' doctrinal pronouncements. Hence we can ask and expect Dr. Downey to take the necessary disciplinary measures. But there will always be a certain amount of recalcitrance, and poor and ignorant people put to shame.

It seems to me that a drastic change in the marriage law is essential. Marriage may be many desirable things, but one thing it must always be—a legal contract entailing legal obligations. The State then should compel all who marry to go through the civil form before a registrar, and this and this alone should constitute the marriage in law. Anyone at any time saying of a couple so married that they are not properly married or really married or legally married should be liable to severe penalties, action to be taken in any court of first instance. In addition to this civil marriage, the parties could, if they so wished, be married according to the rites of any communion to which they might belong. But of this secondary marriage the law would take no cognizance whatever. The obligations entailed in it would be those of honour and honour alone.

I am, etc.,

LEX

SIR,—The tiresome quarrel over mixed marriages should have been settled long ago, once and for all.

Let those who desired merely a legal statutory marriage go, as so many are going, to the registries, where all that is necessary is done expeditiously, cheaply, and without fuss. From the religious point of view such people, no doubt, are living in sin; and, Sir, if each party to the marriage has or earns a reasonable income they will be duly punished, for their incomes will be taken as one for purposes of taxation.

Let those who believe that marriage is the sole business of the Church be married according to the rites they prefer. This, however, should not be considered a legal union. The parties will have no legal rights, but will be in a strong moral position; and will be rewarded financially by having their incomes assessed separately.

It would be open, of course, to everyone to contract both forms of marriage, and so to reap the advantages and disadvantages inherent in each form. People love to talk, and those who were married according to the Church would no doubt say that the civil people were living in sin, and the civil people would retort that their friends were not "legally" married, and unless their quarrel led to a disturbance of the peace, we should not have to interfere.

I am, etc.,

INDIFFERENT

ROYAL NOMENCLATURE

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can solve a problem which has often puzzled me, and which was the subject of an argument between myself and a friend the other day.

Why was King Edward, the son of King Henry III, called King Edward I and not King Edward IV? There were three monarchs of the name, the Elder, the Martyr and the Confessor, before the Norman Conquest, and they ruled over exactly the same kingdom as their Plantagenet successor, so that there would not appear to be any valid reason why a fresh system of numbering should have been adopted in 1272.

Of course, if the numbers had run right through, the late King would have been King Edward X.

I am, etc.,

JOHN HARPER

Lower Ansty

TITHE AND AGRICULTURE

SIR,—Your correspondents Mr. Clarke and Mr. Tilby seem to make a mystery of the origin of tithe and it is difficult to accept the theories they put forward. There are grants of tithe made by tithe claimants transferring their claims to others, and there are consents by patrons to the transference of existing tithe from old to new parishes; but there are no grants of tithe as between tithe payer and tithe claimant. Compulsory tithe has never been anything but a tax—that is a duty imposed by authority. The practice of rendering tithes, as first introduced into this country, was a voluntary religious observance based upon the words, "and of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." The recognized method of giving to God was to give alms to "God's poor." Tithes were usually rendered to a priest because the distribution of alms was one of the functions of the priest. The ecclesiastical doctrine of tithes had nothing to do with the ownership of land, nor did it apply especially to farmers. It applied to everyone except the robber, the usurer and the harlot. Tithes were a personal obligation, not a charge on property. The farmer was expected to render a tenth of his produce, for the same reason as a fisherman was expected to render a tenth of his fish; a beekeeper, a tenth of his honey; a labourer, a tenth of his wages; a tradesman, a tenth of his profits. The receipt of annual increase honestly obtained was the sole test of liability. In the Middle Ages this religious obligation was enforced by the power of the priest and the anathema of the Church, and so tithe became an ecclesiastical tax. Later it became a Parliamentary tax, for in the sixteenth century, when the priests began to lose their power, the ecclesiastics secured the passing of a Bill in Parliament providing that tithe should be recoverable at law in a civil court, whereupon tithe became a Parliamentary tax, which it remains to this day. Tithe is a tax, and the sanction for collecting it from the tithepayers rests solely upon Acts of Parliament.

1. Your correspondent Mr. Eves explains what "tithe was originally intended to be," by quoting a passage from Dr. Wood. Does the word "originally" appear in Dr. Wood's statement? Dr. Wood used the present tense and it seems that he was referring to the period in which he was writing. It may be added that this passage in Dr. Wood's book, though popular with parish priests (and Dr. Wood was a parish priest himself), is not generally considered to be entirely accurate. The words "payable for the maintenance of a parish priest" would not be correct as a general statement at any period. They certainly would not be correct if applied to the time when the ecclesiastical doctrine of tithes was first introduced into England. A better impression of the practice of rendering tithes at the earliest period of its history in this country is to be gathered from the following passage in Bede's 'History of the Church of England': "After which time, Eadbert was consecrated, a notable man in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, and also in the due keeping of heavenly precepts and lessons, and most of all in doing of alms and deeds of charity, in so much that accord-

ing to the old law he gave every year to poor folk the tenth not only of his cattle, but of all grain and fruit, and some part of his clothes and apparel." For about two centuries after the practice was first enjoined in this country tithes were rendered solely as alms for the poor.

The statute of 1014 provided that "One third part of the tithe which comes to a church shall go to the repair of the church, the second part to the servants of God, and the third to God's poor and needy ones in thraldom."

2. Mr. Eves suggests that the Tithe Act 1836 converted tithe "into a charge secured on the freehold." There is some mistake here. Tithe rentcharge is not a charge on the freehold. Many people have been misled by the misnomer "tithe rentcharge." Strictly speaking, tithe rentcharge is not a rentcharge. The Tithe Acts do not give the tithe claimant a charge on the land itself. He has a charge only on the current rents and profits of the land.

Your correspondent "Coulmère" makes the mistake of regarding tithe rentcharge as an absolute right. It is a conditional right, the condition being that it issues out of the land. The statute which created tithe rentcharge describes it as "in the nature of a rentcharge issuing out of the land charged therewith," and the methods of recovery are restricted to those which will enable the tithe claimant to recover the tithe from the land, if it issue out of the land, but not otherwise. The reason for this is that tithe rentcharge is a substitute for tithes in kind. The tithe claimant had no legal grievance when he found no produce of which to take the tenth; and similarly he has no legal grievance when no rent or profit issues out of the land.

3. "Coulmère" suggests that the tithepayer's grievance is exaggerated. In the arable districts it would be difficult to exaggerate the seriousness of the position created by the Tithe Acts. No one need be uncertain whether the tithe in any particular case is exorbitant. There is a fairly definite relation between the annual value of agricultural land and the annual value of its produce. The distribution of ten units of produce in kind would be: One to the tithe claimant; three to the landowner; three to the farmer; three to the labourers.

The shares of the tithe claimant and the landowner added together represent the annual value of the land; that is, the rent at which the land is worth to be let by the year. Tithe rentcharge is intended to represent the net value of the tithes in kind; that is, their value after deducting the cost of collecting, preparing for sale and marketing the tithes. These deductible expenses would now amount to half the gross value of the tithes. The fraction of the annual value of the land which represents the tithe rentcharge when correctly computed is therefore $1 - \frac{1}{2}/4$, that is $\frac{1}{2}$ or $2/6$ in the pound.

Arthur Young, writing in 1788 of his travels in France, said: "Though the ecclesiastical tenth was levied in France more severely than usual in Italy, yet it was never exacted with such horrid greediness as is at present the disgrace of England." In his view, to levy a full tenth was "horrid greediness." One may wonder how he would have described the exacting of the pecuniary equivalent of a fifth of the produce or more, as is now common in the arable districts of England.

The unscientific way in which the legislature commuted tithes in 1836, in conjunction with the changes which have occurred since the tithes were valued for the purposes of the commutation, has caused the tithe in the arable districts to become extortionate to a degree that is without parallel in the history of tithe in any country.

I am, etc.,

A TITHEPAYER

IN GENERAL

LIKE to see a bookman on the heroic scale. Some time ago I read of the death of an aged eccentric, solitary and starved, whose small fireless garret was found, by those who discovered him dead, to contain no fewer than four tons of books. "I have often expressed alarm at their weight," remarked his landlord. What story lay hidden behind that pathetic accumulation one can only conjecture—nor indeed can one tell why the library of a poor recluse should be so ignominiously reckoned in tons. But I was reminded of this mute inglorious Roxburghe as I browsed last week among the rich pastures of a great new park for bookmen—Mr. Holbrook Jackson's 'Anatomy of Bibliomania.' I should like to have seen mention there of this old man who died, it would seem, of sheer acquisition of books. For Mr. Jackson's immense work (only the first half of which has yet appeared) reveals a grand panorama—"the world of books in its historical, psychological, political, religious, scientific, rhetorical, gastronomical, erotical, medicinal, æsthetical, hedonistical and other aspects, how men have loved or hated books, protected or destroyed them, and the various sanities and insanities which they have produced." And if that be not bookmanship on the heroic scale, what is?

Its publishers, the Soncino Press, have fitted the manner to the matter in a book that is at once dignified and easily readable. No easy task; for Mr. Jackson's care has been the distilling of a vast tonnage of books, the concentrating of many years of miscellaneous reading, and the bulk even of the finished product is formidable. But what a noble repository to wander through—to envy—to pillage! What Dibdin was to the nineteenth century, this will be to the twentieth—and something more. For Mr. Jackson has a geniality of manner that is very engaging, and his book is so varied in contents and arrangement that it can be picked up in almost any reading mood and satisfactorily opened at one place or another. He has had the ingenious idea of modelling his huge commonplace-book on the plan, and to some extent the manner, of Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'; and a good one it is. True, one could point to flaws in his rebuilding of the Burtonian idiom (oddly enough, his very first sentence contains an awkward hesitation between a "thou" and a "you"), but on the whole the stylistic device, with its sober enthusiasm and undertone of quiet irony, serves him well.

One cannot hope to criticize these first four hundred thronged pages of the 'Anatomy of Bibliomania' in detail. The avenues down which one would be led are so numerous, their vistas so long, their bypaths so twisting, that the faint vertigo of vast libraries (have you ever seen the hidden convolutions of the huge bookish brain that lies beneath the dome-skull of the British Museum Reading Room?) creeps over one. One can only point. In Part VI, for instance, 'Of the Reading of Books,' you may consider under separate heads such ample themes as 'Reading with Purpose,' 'Books Morally Approached,' 'Of Ephemeral and Shallow Works,' 'Against Idle and Desultory Reading,' 'Vain and Pedantic Reading Condemned,' 'Old v. New Books,' and 'Substitutes for Life'; or in Part VIII you may learn, *inter alia*, of books regarded as furniture, of dummy books, of the use of books as charms, amulets, fortune-tellers, as tools, as props for other books; and again, in Part XII, 'How Bookmen Conquer Time and Place,' of the proper times and places for reading, as well as the arts of reading on the battlefield, in prison, on a journey, at the toilet, at meal-times, and (of course) in bed.

Every reader worthy of such a book of books will have his discontents, his longings to improve, add to, or titivate Mr. Jackson's monument. How

pleasant it would be to "grangerize" a copy of this 'Anatomy'! What a pleasing occupation for a gentleman blessed with advanced years, much reading, a delicate handwriting, and a rich library looking out upon a fine garden! Were I one such, I would forthwith order from my favoured and happy bookseller a special copy plentifully interleaved, and start at once while daylight is short. Where? At random—here, there and everywhere—up and down: it would be wrong to systematize the happy chances of long reading. For myself, I might begin by filling out that sub-section on 'Books on Battle-fields'; for here, I think, Mr. Jackson has missed an interesting opportunity. A large proportion (too large, say some) of the recent flood of books dealing with the late war have been written by men of letters, of one kind or another; and most of them harbour references to books read under strange, often fantastically inappropriate, conditions. Alexander with his Homer, Charles the Bold with his 'Cyclopædia,' Captain Gibbon of the militia with his Horace, Anatole France with his Virgil in 1870—these are agreeable memories; but for the books of modern warriors Mr. Jackson contents himself with those carried by Colonel Lawrence in Arabia. To go no further than the obvious names, he might have noted Mr. Blunden's comradeship with Young's 'Night Thoughts,' Mr. Herbert Read's with 'Walden' during the Fifth Army retreat, and others in the books of Mr. Graves and Mr. Sassoon. One's reading in those days had often a quality of intensity which it lacks in easier circumstances, and a book sometimes graved memory more deeply than it might otherwise have done. I myself have only to open 'Barchester Towers' to see exactly the spot where I first tasted Trollope, alongside the Trappist monastery on the Mont des Cats overlooking Locre, with a battery barking just beneath all through a summer afternoon of 1918; or there was a torn volume of Héredia's 'Trophées' . . .

But that path leads into too many memories. My purpose here is only to hail a book which, to judge from its first volume, will give delight to all desultory readers of the true sort. They will all want to amplify it and digress and divagate, and will honour it in so doing. A friend who had looked over my shoulder at it trusts that the second volume will reveal one unsolved mystery of books—what is their last, final fate? When they have passed through the various sad descending stages of booksellers, through even the penny-box and the street-hawker's stall—what then? Can Mr. Jackson say? Or is it beyond the power of mortal anatomist to declare?

QUINCUNX

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

BY HENRY SIMPSON

RESPLendent shrine of Love's divinest art,
Balm of a thousand years of fleshly woes,
From age to age thy Heaven—dowered wisdom
grows,
From that far vision of a sainted heart
To staunch Life's care, the wounding, and the smart;
As from a soothing fount the virtue flows
Till earth is painless as the perfect rose,
And from our night the pangs of death depart.

Science, and Pity, here in rapture blend,
Confederate in light, the healing good,
And here a royal people grandly spend
The golden largesse of their tender mood,
Through thee, Love's Almoner, the sufferer's friend
To every man, whate'er his race, or blood.

NEW NOVELS

Last and First Men. By W. Olaf Stapledon. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

This Siren Song. By Ernest Elmore. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Smart Setback. By Wood Kahler. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

Bound to Happen. By Elswyth Thane. Putnam's. 7s. 6d.

Murder at the Pageant. By Victor L. Whitechurch. Collins. 7s. 6d.

A Middle-class Man. By Leonhard Frank. Davies. 7s. 6d.

If there were a National Union of Novelists, Mr. Stapledon would surely be a subject for the Committee's disciplinary action. In an age when systematic "ca' canny" on the part of authors has habituated library subscribers to think themselves lucky if they get one new train of thought started for every new book read, Mr. Stapledon's generous accumulation of ideas, theories and prophecies is nothing less than reckless improvidence. Moreover, he places the reviewer in a quandary, for when a critic has been accustomed to pay to every novelist whose book is concerned with more than a couple of decades, the traditional tribute that it "covers an enormous canvas," what is he to say of an author who disposes of two thousand million years in 355 pages?

The 'Last Men,' Mr. Stapledon would have us believe, will discover a mode of making contact with the past, and one of them will write a history for the 'First Men,' who are ourselves. It is the story of humanity from the end of the European War ("the first and least destructive" of the world conflicts) to its final days when, having at last achieved spiritual maturity, man is forced to face the prospect of annihilation in a stellar catastrophe. What the chemists, eugenists, geologists and astronomers would make of the technicalities of this book it is impossible for a layman to know, but the ordinary reader will certainly find it grimly enthralling. In style it is strictly unemotional (as befits a tale told by a "dispassionate intelligence" of the future) and this tends to make it slow reading—like a school history book with even the "human interest" of Kings and Queens removed. All too often the impious thought occurred that one was reading 'Old Moore's Almanack' as rewritten by the author of 'De Bello Gallico.'

Certainly Mr. Stapledon is no more of an optimist than the twopenny prophet. Our civilization, he suggests, is doomed to crash, through an unholy alliance of debased science with insincere religion. Martian visitations will be more eerie and more destructive than any of Wells's imagining and, though man will survive to explore Einsteinian time and build great brains in towers of ferro-concrete, he will eventually be turned out of this world by a lunar crisis and forced to seek refuge first on Venus and later on Neptune (re-discovering, no doubt, the old truth that "travel broadens the mind"!).

Much of 'Last and First Men' is satirical in effect; moreover, there is surely much of present application in the episode of the Patagonians, who worshipped the Divine Boy who refused to Grow Up, and in the world smitten by the deadly germ "American madness," an early symptom of which was that "the patient became restlessly active, undertaking interminable and objectless journeys on the flimsiest pretexts."

Fantasy also plays a part, though a minor one, in Mr. Elmore's story of Gibbons, the chemist's assistant who, lured by the siren song of Ambition, discovers a new source of motive power in water. Riches do not bring happiness, nor social success

either, and when Gibbons sends his son to an exclusive school the boy is "ragged" for his plebeian accent and the protesting father snubbed by an unctuous headmaster. The narrative ends on the theme of Gibbons's decline and fall. "It's led me a pretty dance—all that thinking," is his conclusion, "much better to have left it alone." Mr. Elmore has some understanding of ordinary people's motives and can write graphically, if not carefully. Surely, for instance, it is impossible for two people who have never met to be "oblivious" of each other's existence?

Riches do not bring happiness. No? Anyway, Kent Crawford, Mr. Kahler's hero, an unsuccessful short-story writer turned portrait painter, was bent on getting Mrs. Gilbert Lee Coppitt, leader of society in Palm Beach, Newport, New York and Hartford, to "endorse" an advertisement of "set-back" apartments, and so, presumably, secure for himself some of the ensuing profits. As it was, he fell in love with her daughter, a blonde with diamonds and a husband on Wall Street. So the set-back apartments (so called on account of the backward slant of the upper stories of New York skyscrapers) had to wait while Love took a hand.

'Bound to Happen' is another American book and one which proves, incidentally, that nobody can be so elaborately, effusively English as your transatlantic authoress who has really set her mind to it. The scene is a Kentish countryside teeming with red-brick houses, delphiniums, "good breeding" and aspirants for Ministerial appointments ("a land where politics is still a gentleman's job"). Here occurs a murder of an unknown by an unknown which seriously affects the fate of the two men and two women who "were determined to be 'sporting' but who, nevertheless, deeply wanted their share of happiness."

Mr. Whitechurch also follows the prevailing fashion among detective story writers for making violent death occur in an English rural setting. After the tragic sequel to the local pageant held in its grounds, Frimley Manor became a veritable home from Holmes. Captain Bristow had been in the Secret Service and could neatly dovetail some pretty clues, while he had as an ally a novel figure for this type of story, a country police superintendent who was really astute.

'A Middle-Class Man' is a sincere if somewhat rhetorical novel of class-antagonism in an industrial provincial town in Germany, from which you may gather that it is not conceived along the lines of Mr. Harold Scott's ironic little revue epic, 'Thank God for the Middle Classes.' Beneath the bourgeoisie—or above them—are those whom a speaker with an Oxford Union manner and a deprecatory cough once described as "the so-called lower classes." And Jürgen Kolbenreicher felt drawn towards them, inspired by the example of Katharina, Privy Councillor Lenz's daughter, who "went Red" and "did time" for her convictions. But it was Elisabeth Wagner, embodiment of bourgeois comfort, whom he married, though later a brain-storm of revulsion carried him back to the proletarian camp in search of his earlier, more exacting love. With Katharina he lost "the sense of emotional heaviness" engendered, apparently, by his earlier environment, notably a father, who called him "you ignominious nonentity," and a domineering aunt.

Herr Leonhard Frank's Socialism comes from the same mystical store of whimsy-whamsies as the charming if somewhat lush sentiment of 'Carl and Anna,' the story of how a war-wife kept home for her husband's "double." The telescoped effect of Jürgen's day-dreams, intermixed with actuality, recalls the expressionistic stage devices of Ernst Toller's plays without, however, that dramatist's grim sense of realism in portraying the human motives that underlie political idealism.

REVIEWS

CAESAR LIMITED

The Things That Are Not Cæsar's. By Jacques Maritain. Translated by J. F. Scanlan. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.

THE author was moved to write this book by the *Action Française* difficulties between the Pope and a section of his extreme French devotees. The book "makes no claim to be an exhaustive study of that past crisis." Indeed, the action of the Pope in 1926 and the quarrels that led up to it and followed it are only briefly referred to. The author "can only think of Charles Maurras with sorrow." He condemns the *Action Française* Catholics, for "they were heard to protest in all sincerity that they were good Catholics, entirely subject to the Church in faith and morals, and yet they refused to submit to the Church when, speaking as the supreme judge of the interests of faith and morals, she indirectly condemned a political movement."

But the *Action Française* crisis in Roman Catholic circles is little more than the text for this book. Its scope is "the relation between the spiritual and the temporal, between doctrine and politics." Let it be said at once that, while Roman Catholics may find the book stimulating, others will be moved to astonishment that the opinions expressed by the author can be put forward with such assurance and such absence of doubt. "I conceive that I shall be branded for eternity with the character of anti-modern," writes the author and here, at least, all readers of his book will agree with him. And when he explains in his preface that, should he have written anything "offensive to divine Truth," he "leaves the whole to the correction of the Holy Roman Church," the reader will realize what to expect. His ideal is that in the future the Roman Church shall become, as it could and should have become in the Middle Ages, "the teaching mistress and leader of all other societies"—the words are those of the encyclical of Pius XI in 1922. For the author the Pope is "the visibility, as it were, of Christ on this earth. . . . He who was charged by Christ to feed His sheep." "There is only one Church of which Christ Himself is Head, with the Pope for Vicar on earth."

M. Maritain has no doubts about the authority of the Pope. Christ transmitted the spiritual kingship to Peter "as His representative on earth with the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . The Church is not only a visible and apparent reality, but also an object of faith, the Body of Christ whose living unity is guaranteed by the action of the Holy Ghost. . . . The Pope, to whom as Vicar of Christ every human creature is subject by necessity of salvation, is authorized to offer all mankind to their Creator." In fact, "there is no other authentic and truly supranational universalism than Catholicism."

These propositions are not argued by M. Maritain. They rank in his view with the axioms of Euclid. For those who can accept the axioms, the deductions of M. Maritain may seem logical, but no converts will be made by this book. In one passage (p. 32) M. Maritain seems to realize that the revelation of the Holy Ghost is progressive, "a positive direction, an irresistible progressive movement which derives profit from everything, shortcomings and errors no less than feats of strength and virtues." But scientific discoveries apparently form no part of this progressive movement; at least, not unless the Pope approves the revelation. "It is rash to express even an interior speculative judgment contrary to the judgment of the supreme superior, who is more enlightened than anyone else." When the Pope speaks *ex cathedra*,

private judgment must subside. "The refusal to submit to the Church necessarily involved a corollary refusal to submit to God."

These conclusions lead M. Maritain into a difficulty and he faces it with a cheerfulness and confidence which can only excite our envy. Apparently he dimly recollects that the Pope in the past has acted and spoken in a manner unworthy of his Master. He realizes, equally dimly, that the Pope is still human. So an apparently subtle distinction is drawn between the Pope as Pope and the Pope as man. M. Maritain allows himself to admit that "in the event of his [the Pope's] ordering the commission of a sin, the performance of an intrinsically evil act . . . disobedience would not merely be permissible but even necessary." Who in that case would be the judge of sin he does not explain. But he promptly adds: "Such cases, however, have never occurred in the government of the Church by its visible Head acting as such. . . . If a Pope, acting as a private person, or issuing an order to some individual, may occasionally place a soul in a situation to commit sin, the Vicar of Christ, acting as Head of the Church, is nevertheless by divine right the certain guide of human life." Will this distinction meet with the approval of those who know anything of the history of the Papacy? Take Alexander VI as an example. He was doubtless "acting as a private person" in being the father of Cæsar Borgia and his other sons and, possibly also, in promoting their worldly welfare. But his consideration for his family governed all his actions as Pope. Or take the Papal Bull of July 21, 1542. Six cardinals were appointed Commissioners of the Apostolic See to carry through the Inquisition. They were to "suppress and uproot the errors that have found place in the Christian community and permitting no vestige of them to remain." The rules that were drawn up provided that "only he who makes plenary confession shall be treated with gentleness and fatherly compassion," and that "no man must abase himself by showing toleration towards heretics of any kind, above all towards Calvinists." Surely in authorizing the brutalities of the Inquisition the Popes acted as Popes and surely they thereby ordered sins to be committed that were at once offences against all the fundamental principles of Christian teaching and outrages upon every human standard. We must judge human acts by the standards of the time in which they were done, but sin is sin in all ages, whatever the degree of personal blame. No good service is done to the Roman Catholic Church by attempts either to deny the facts of history or to deny their obvious sinfulness. We may explain these facts and perhaps minimize the blame attaching to those who were responsible, having regard to the conditions of the time, but we cannot blind ourselves to the appalling gulf between acts known to have been done by the Popes as Popes and the standards set in the Gospels.

Another distinction of M. Maritain, to which many will apply the misunderstood term *Jesuitical*, is between the direct and the indirect temporal power of the Pope. Neither Gregory VII nor Boniface VIII, he writes, ever claimed direct control over the temporal power. Nor does M. Maritain make any such claim. The "indirect" temporal power that has been, and is, claimed, however, "is the right of intervention which the spiritual power possesses over temporal things themselves from the strict point of view of moral and spiritual interests, when superior interests of that kind happen to be involved in the temporal event." Seeing the interpretation put by M. Maritain upon this indirect power of the Papacy, one wonders what is left that is not embraced by it. This "doctrine of the indirect power asserts the general subordination of the temporal to the spiritual and consequently the right of the spiritual power to impose restrictions, wherever necessary, because of some connexion with the good of souls, on the sovereignty of the civil

power." The liberty thus left to Caesar is the liberty of the individual in a completely Socialist State. When income tax reaches twenty shillings in the pound we, as individuals, shall not in fact enjoy much liberty, however beautiful be the intentions of our political masters. If the Papacy succeeded in securing a recognition of this "indirect" temporal power, no other authority would matter much. When, in the words of M. Maritain, "we must assert as a truth superior to every vicissitude of time the supremacy of the Church over the world and all earthly powers," it will not be of great importance whether we have admitted only the "indirect" temporal power. Our freedom from the Pope's "direct" temporal power will need microscopic research.

Enough has been written to show what we who are outside the Roman Church may expect if ever that body should seriously augment its power. M. Maritain is quite frank that such things as "liberty to practise any religion whatsoever, liberty to express any opinion, liberty to print anything, liberty to teach any doctrine" are "things contrary to nature." It is well that we should be thus warned that any remnant of personal liberty is not among the things that are Caesar's.

CYRIL MARTIN

A FORGOTTEN SHAKESPEARE

Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes. By Lily B. Campbell. Cambridge University Press. 16s.

ONE of the paradoxes of great poetry is that so many little inferences can be drawn from it. There is no profession that has not claimed to be specially familiar to Shakespeare, and his reference to the sea-coast of Bohemia would doubtless have been explained away by explorers if there had been sufficient motive for regarding him as the literary patron of the Royal Geographical Society. Philosophers have vied with lawyers, doctors and (I believe) astrologers in similar claims, and have succeeded in convincing themselves, and sometimes the rest of us, that Shakespeare understood more than we had realized of this and that. The excessive claim has often vindicated the particular instance, but few of these specialists (not being poets themselves) will admit that all that they have really proved is the comprehensiveness of his vision of men. Poetry existed before prose, literature before criticism and even grammar, the tragic poet before definitions of either poetry or tragedy were invented. Thus the special approach to Shakespeare tells us little of his supremacy though it may tell us much of those who were not Shakespeare in his day.

Miss Lily B. Campbell, already known for her studies of play-production in Elizabethan times, has set out to remind us of the conceptions of tragedy that dominated criticism while Shakespeare was writing; how physicians and philosophers regarded the passions that were the staple of tragedy, before examining Hamlet, Othello, Lear and Macbeth to show how familiar Shakespeare was with these preoccupations of learning. She makes out as good a case as any specialist, not a crank, has made. Were there no implication that her method also throws a valuable light upon Shakespeare's tragedy and his tragic heroes, we need not qualify our thanks. Unfortunately, however, such comments as the following:

It is important to note this belief in the power of drink to make reason inoperative and hence let passion rule, if we are to understand Shakespeare

betray the lady intoxicated by her own thesis—as if it were any use to be blind to the effect of liquor anyhow! Her method is to prepare the reader for her essays on four tragedies by discussing the interpretations of tragedy current in Shakespeare's time; then to consider the current conclusions of moral philosophy; and lastly to show how carefully Shakespeare's heroes

correspond to these patterns. Of course they do, for many of these conclusions are traditional and platitudinous, and a great poet is he who finds unforgettable expressions for the commonplaces of experience and the truisms of religion and philosophy. Was it not Lord Burleigh who composed a set of famous instructions for his son which correspond closely to the famous verses of Polonius? and does this interesting fact tell us anything essential to the appreciation of Shakespeare's verse? These students, interesting as their gleanings may be in themselves, suggest that Shakespeare can be reduced to the level of his sources; that he carried an encyclopaedia in his head and was a kind of machine for turning prosaic reasoning into poetry. Even so, the mystery of his power remains a miracle; it was the miracle that made him a poet, and it is as a poet that he is interesting. Thus you can learn from the industrious Miss Campbell much about many other things. You do not learn from her anything vital about Shakespeare or his poetry.

Lest this should imply any prejudice against research or against the background of Shakespeare's dramas, let me conclude by suggesting a field of study that is very unfashionable just now. We are all aware of the suggestions of scepticism in Shakespeare's plays; of how he made Hamlet talk of the undiscovered country from which no traveller returns immediately after Hamlet had finished his talk with the ghost, for instance. We all now feel the emphasis of these expressions: so much so that the traditional Christian view of right and wrong, of heaven and hell, of eternal rewards and punishments, which is implicit in them almost everywhere else, is apt to be overlooked. Yet Hamlet did not take the Pagan view of suicide:

O, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter.

The background of the plays nonetheless, but for these departures, is substantially the Christian background; and though, for Shakespearean criticism contains every point of view, there must be somewhere a book called 'The Christian Shakespeare,' its idiom is probably out of date, but that point of view, too, would be worth recalling. Whatever Shakespeare's religion really was, we may be sure that it was not only "a rhapsody of words" to him. There are men, particularly those who have become the founders of religions, who are more like each other than their disciples are like them, and, in the end, it is by that vision of theirs, which their followers endeavour to define because its fullness is beyond their own possession, that we are magnetized as the Way in which to walk, whatever other signposts may confirm our direction. Shakespeare was one such visionary; and the study of his text is worth much more than a library by unpoetic commentators. There are some: Dr. A. C. Bradley the inevitable, and Dr. Sander with his "moment of the last suspense," both understand tragedy poetically.

OSBERT BURDETT

A CORRECTION

James Elroy Flecker died on January 3, 1915, in his thirtieth year, not as I stated inadvertently in my review of 'Some Letters from Abroad' published on December 6.

A MODERN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Idle but Happy. By Vere Ker-Seymer. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES, which rain upon us nowadays, may roughly be divided into those which tell us of the joy of living and those which tell us of the struggle for life. The second class is the more numerous and provides a telling background for the purely joyous records of Ralph Nevill and Mr. George

Cornwallis-West. Mr. Ker-Seymer, in his entertaining volume, has the courage to declare that work is not necessary to happiness, though anyone who reads his lively pages will perceive that his idleness was of a strenuous and varied character. Mr. Ker-Seymer has, in short, boxed the social and physical compass; and as a result of having been educated in England, France, Germany and Belgium, and travelled far and wide, he mixes the grave with the gay in wiser fashion than the roysterers or the philosophers. It is clear from the opening chapter that English public schools teach boys less of books and more of the world than our neighbours. Perhaps the most earnest and informative chapter is that on the Argentine, where the author spent eleven years of his first youth in the service of one of the Argentine railways. In no other country in the world is there a greater opening for young Englishmen, whether as ranch managers, as engineers, or as merchants. As there is likely to be a considerable exodus of young men of the upper and middle classes from England in the immediate future, Mr. Ker-Seymer's Argentine experience will repay study. The middle part deals with the spacious days of Victoria and Edward, when men played deep and late at the Turf, White's, the St. James's and Brooks's clubs, now dull and dwindling resorts. There is naturally a good deal about motoring and aviation, the two chief preoccupations of the twentieth century. The book closes on the graver note of present politics. "England will always muddle through"; Mr. Ker-Seymer repeats, seriously or mockingly, the saying of Lord Rosebery, not of Arthur Balfour. But will she? Many people think not.

THE QUEEN OF SCOTS

Mary of Scotland (1561-1568). By Grant R. Francis. Murray. 16s.

THE essence of the perennial interest taken in Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, lies in the fact that no one is yet finally convinced either by her detractors or by her supporters. Mr. Grant Francis is enthusiastically partisan. He deals with the years between the landing at Leith and the flight to England, and he makes out an exceptionally strong case in her favour. But he is so partisan that he fails to be completely convincing. Scorn for her enemies is fine ammunition when allied with facts and convincing arguments, but occasionally he tends to use scorn alone, and that is not enough. The Stuarts have had plenty of enthusiastic defenders. If they had had more who were less emotional and more reasonable, they would have been on the throne to-day.

It is easy to see why Mary Stuart is regarded as the most tragic and the most fascinating of all that fatal line. There have been many victims of circumstance, but none so ill-treated or so picturesque. Brought in the first place, at the age of eighteen, from a courteous, civilized, Roman Catholic land to a dour, comparatively uncivilized country in the throes of fanatical religious controversy, she was fearless and undaunted and royal. Had circumstances been only just a little easier, she might have had a prosperous, fairly uneventful reign. So much can be seen from her character and conduct before hatred overwhelmed truth and tragedy obscured reason.

But what chance had she between the ambitious Lord James, continually looking at events "through his fingers," and the hard, uncompromising John Knox? Between the unco guid and the unco bad there was no room for such as Mary, and she had the fatal Achilles' heel in being a young woman, romantic and beautiful. Esteeming bravery and fidelity above all other virtues, she was surrounded by chicanery, faithlessness, cowardice, spies and debauchery. Again and again her amazing vitality and recuperative powers

raised her up against her adverse fate only to fall again under forces that would have overwhelmed a giant. Thwarted as a mother and as a wife, insulted and bullied, she had no one to whom she could turn, no one she could trust. She was broken against a horde of conflicting interests, including those of "her dear sister Elizabeth":

And from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

She never had a chance to make a great, might have been, come true, and to all her other tragedies are added waste of talent. Everything she did or omitted to do was twisted against her. She was sacrificed on every kind of expedient altar. Had she been undeniably guilty, had she lacked that fatal Stuart charm that makes lost causes blossom from the dust, her agony would never have been so prolonged.

So much is indisputable. But even if Mr. Grant Francis has added a little paint to the lily, he has at least thrown some new and very grave doubts on the many accusations that have been hurled against her character and actions. At best, he has pointed out a series of unparalleled crimes.

His book may not, perhaps, please the scrupulous historian, but it is a fine dramatic account of one of the greatest cumulative personal tragedies in our history, for a braver and "a rarer spirit never did steer humanity."

M. SCOTT-JOHNSTON

THE ART OF EGYPT

Egyptian Sculpture. By Margaret Alice Murray. Duckworth. 15s.

ASTRONOMY and archæology are the two sciences which above all others have never scorned the amateur or the general reader, but have welcomed the assistance of the one and the attention of the other. The result has been that both the sciences have always had the support and assistance of the laity in their researches. Egyptologists, in particular, have been conspicuous for their generous recognition of the layman, and, writing simply without loss of dignity, have made the literature of their subject both attractive and scholarly. This attitude of the expert, combined with the fascination which Egypt, whether as a living civilization or as a desolation of ruined cities, has always had for those who have known her, has assured the writer on any aspect of Egyptian culture an eager public in which the amateur is as well represented as is the serious student.

Miss Murray's survey of Egyptian sculpture and, incidentally, of Egyptian painting—a subsidiary and dependent art—is all that one could wish such a study to be: full, learned and arresting. Egyptian art has suffered in the esteem of the art lover from the mass of its examples and the number of what may be called replicas. A row of granite Rameses, in a museum, divorced from their architectural context, must inevitably produce in the casual observer an impression of dull and tedious uniformity; though, for all the weight of artistic tradition which beset the Egyptian artist, dullness and tedium are no more characteristic of his art than that of any other people. Twenty of the Farnese Hercules, even twenty of the Apollo Belvedere in line would tire the eye and depress the mind. Egyptian sculpture, moreover, as Miss Murray points out, is in the main strictly architectural, to be viewed as a rule from below and in association with the lines of the temple in which it stood. The Egyptian temple, again, was constructed to harmonize with the vertical and horizontal lines of the great cliffs which hem in the valley of the Nile. Miss Murray dwells upon the architectural quality which characterizes the bulk of important Egyptian figures, and illustrates her

arguments with admirably selected photographs of statues in situ, in which both the vertical and horizontal lines of buildings they adorn are emphasized in the statues. The figures of the Pharaohs thus incorporated in the buildings for which they were made were not necessarily personal portraits; more often they were but conventionalized representations of a generalized Pharaoh. But that the Egyptian sculptor could represent faithfully the features of his sitter, when likeness was desirable, as in the figures of the tombs, we need not doubt. Again and again, in the examples chosen by Miss Murray to illustrate the artist's skill in portraiture, we have that sure instinctive awareness that here are the men or women as their contemporaries saw them.

It has to be remembered when considering the art of Egypt that we are dealing with an intensely religious culture that endured for millenniums, and with a people so deeply conservative of their traditions that, vary as their art did from era to era, there remained in it always, even at the end when it was contaminated by the utterly alien Greek or Roman influence, something by which anyone at all acquainted with Egypt can see at once that its provenance is Egyptian and none other. In the long story of Egyptian art there were periods during which it flourished and decayed, rose again and again declined. The great periods are admirably explained and illustrated by Miss Murray, from the pre-dynastic age, through the Old, Middle and New Kingdom, to the late and Ptolemaic periods. Especial notice, of course, is taken of that rare blossoming of a naturalistic form of art, both in sculpture and painting, which occurred during the reign and at the inspiration of Amenhotep IV, the heretic Pharaoh, Akhenaten. Particularly instructive, indeed, are the many references to the influence of political and other changes on the art of the periods in which they took place.

Miss Murray's descriptions of the methods of the Egyptian sculptor are particularly interesting. That, with the conservatism of his race, he clung to methods necessary when the figure was modelled in clay, long after such modelling had ceased, is illustrated by the posture of his figures and by the retention, in granite, of the massed support which in clay would have been essential. Her notes, too, on the building up of the statues in sections are excellent, and are admirably illustrated by examples both in wood and stone. The various forms of relief sculpture used by the Egyptian artist are fully described, from reliefs which are nearly in the round to those which are little more than drawing with the graving chisel. The work of the painter also is duly considered, and his incomparable skill in line drawing praised as it deserves. The book, indeed, is a valuable essay on an Art that deserves the serious and separate study which Miss Murray has given it, and is a very welcome addition to the literature of Egyptology.

AN OLD MASTER

El Greco. By Frank Rutter. Methuen. 30s.

IF there is one old master about whom the moderns are unanimously happy it is El Greco. I have heard the studios of Chelsea and Fitzroy Street cacophonous with praise of him. Indeed, so loud is it that one might think that El Greco was the only artist in the world. He is the fashion, or was until a week or two ago. Once it was Goya: before him Leonardo. All the masters in turn have their cycles of popularity, but El Greco is fortunate in being something of a new discovery. It is not extraordinary that his work remained so long neglected when we remember that Spain has been for centuries a remote and inaccessible country. Velazquez himself was not found by Europe until after the Peninsular wars.

How much modern art owes to Cézanne for bringing El Greco into prominence is a point for debate, but it is easy to see why the Frenchman was so attracted to the Greek's work. In a much greater degree, of course, the old master's pictures contain the same rugged appreciation of form which interested Cézanne. There is an essentially primitive quality about El Greco which appealed to the modern in revolt against the schools.

The secret of El Greco's power is cultural and religious rather than technical. He was a Greek who no doubt inherited Byzantine preferences and ideals. He worked in Venice and was influenced by Tintoretto, and later in Rome by Michelangelo, but he did not remain long enough under the sun of the Renaissance to be submerged when the autumn of this great movement set in. He developed in Spain his simple strength of drawing and sincerity of vision and, if he was not understood by contemporary painters, he had many patrons and a large share of success.

It is idle to compare him with Velazquez to the latter's detriment, because both artists have supreme qualities, and we do not believe, as Mr. Rutter apparently does, that Meier-Graefe or anybody else could "torpedo" the painter of Philip the Fourth. Velazquez was a great realist and can never be dislodged from his high position by the verbal lapidations of ingenious critics.

Mr. Rutter, however, is quite illuminating on the genius of El Greco and, making allowances for his passionate admiration, the book is full of valuable facts and observations, as well as a large number of excellent reproductions of the master's works.

ADRIAN BURY

SERVICE AND SOCIETY

That Which Was Lost: A Treatise on Free-masonry and the English Mystery. By William Sanderson. Constable. 4s. 6d.

THIS is a troublesome book to review, and its fault is a very rare one—it is far too small for its content. Mr. Sanderson has not given himself room to state with any adequate degree of lucidity what he has to say. Contradictions are frequent, apparent contradictions innumerable; and this is a pity, for it is quite clear that he has something to say that is well worth saying, although it may not be, as he appears to think, the only thing worth saying. Of course, if you believe that this country is decadent—a curious belief after our extraordinary sacrifices and services in the war, and seeing with what amazing stolidity we are shouldering our war burdens—then, of course, Mr. Sanderson's plea for a return to the structure of society in the age of the Early Plantagenets has something to commend it. But the ways and means of such a return are not to be expounded in a small handbook of 127 pages.

Many of us probably have looked back with affection to the structure of feudal society in England as founded by the Conqueror, in which, while all were King's men, every man had his place in the world, and his rights based upon his service. That it continually failed in practice was due, of course, to the faultiness of human nature; theoretically it stood foursquare, though whether the lower strata were as happy as theoretically they should have been, is another matter. Mr. Sanderson must know, of course, that it is quite hopeless that a highly complex society such as ours can attain to anything like such simplicity of rights and service, and he has not made it sufficiently clear what political structure he would have our society take to recover those loyalties which were inherent in the feudal system.

It is agreeable in a day when "race" as an important factor in the building and maintenance of a civilization is under a psychological cloud to find a

writer who is uncompromisingly for a Nordic England. Though this hope, too, like that of a return to "service," can be little more than pious. While on the subject of the Nordic and his traits, it would be interesting to have Mr. Sanderson's view of Royalty a little more fully explained. If he holds, which he seems to do, that it is Nordic to believe in the divine right of hereditary kings, history is against him. Chieftains, who grew into kings and in strong lines became hereditary monarchs, are Nordic enough; but, in this country, at any rate until the Act of Settlement, kingship was very much "during good behaviour"; and if the theory that the kingship was really elective cannot be maintained, the practice that the weak king had short shrift may not be questioned. A passionate devotion to a constitutional king, who acts on the advice of ministers who may inspire no such devotion, may be felt, and is felt, but gets us nowhere.

As for breed generally, Mr. Sanderson has much to say that is quite sound on Mendelian lines, but the difficulties in the way of maintaining the particular strain he favours by any practicable device are insuperable. This island never has been a Nordic preserve in historical or prehistoric times, indeed, its first "civilized" inhabitants were Mediterranean longheads, a race which has a habit of persisting, and of ultimately absorbing all who come in contact with them.

Then Mr. Sanderson is all for tradition, and again one is naturally with him. It is good for a man to feel rooted in the past, and the body of law and custom and manners and culture that is inherited generally fits a nation better than a theoretic "reach-me-down"; but even societies outgrow their old clothes, and tradition, though it may teach a man to keep a stiff upper lip, will not guide him through the economic maze in which the present generation is by way of losing itself. It is impossible to follow Mr. Sanderson in his excursion into Freemasonry and the potential social-political value of the Freemason, which one may assume to be high, though to gauge the strength of that body in social service we should need statistics of its numerical strength, etc. That it stands for good-fellowship and mutual help is sufficient to justify it.

There is one other assertion, among a few hundred or so of which space forbids mention, that Mr. Sanderson makes, that is worthy of attention, it is that religion and morality are independent. That they have been is certain, that they could be and should be is debatable; but that they are at the moment among really religious people cannot possibly be maintained. However, it will be seen that Mr. Sanderson starts more hares than could be hunted in a lifetime; and that his little book raises virtually all the questions that matter.

BRADMAN

Don Bradman's Book: The Story of My Cricketing Life, with Hints on Batting, Bowling and Fielding. By Don Bradman. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

WE may safely assume that most people know the name of Donald George Bradman, Australian cricketer and record-breaker. In point of fame, Bradman has passed the acid test, for so far, to the best of my knowledge, no judge, magistrate, member of Parliament or other public performer has yet asked the question: "Who is Don Bradman?" But I will frankly admit that I never realized the extent of his fame nor fully appreciated it until I had read this simply written, unaffected chronicle of his doings.

Bradman is twenty-two. He definitely passed into first-class cricket at the age of nineteen, and signalled his passage by scoring a century for New South Wales against South Australia. Since that day and up to the time we managed to get him out of England at the end of September last, he has been guilty of the following dreadful business:

Inns.	Runs.	Highest Score.	Not Out.	Average.
88	6,862	452	15	94

Not out

And here I offer a conundrum. If Donald Bradman, still a boy, can do all this in two and a half years, what, in all truth, is Donald Bradman going to do during the next ten or twelve years of his best?

In this youthful run-making machine from Australia we have a cricket phenomenon, not only by reason of his performances with the bat, but also in the matter of temperament. Bradman forced himself into the category of a great cricketer. It was a toss-up whether cricket or tennis should be his abiding love; indeed, for a whole summer after leaving school he never handled anything but a tennis racket. Had he continued in this fashion I am not prepared to say that we should have seen him at Wimbledon, but I am inclined to think that we should still hold those Ashes.

He seems totally devoid of nerves. Even in his 'teens, on the occasion of his débüt on the Sydney ground, he tells us that he was not conscious of his boyishness nor of the exacting test he was about to undergo. "The feeling I had," he writes, "was only one of great joy, and a relish for adventure." As he says on another occasion: "I would rather play in an important cricket match than in any other game, and would rather play in a big Test game than in any other match. The keen atmosphere of a thrilling Test seems to bring my powers of concentration up to their very highest pitch, and in these games I feel an incentive that no ordinary game can give me."

Well, we saw Bradman "concentrate" in five important games during the past summer to the tune of 974 runs and an average of 139.14. Somehow, having read his book from cover to cover, I am inclined to think that in his powers of concentration and complete self-possession lies the secret of Bradman's genius. Even as a child he seemed able to concentrate with amazing determination on the task in hand. He tells us that he learned the rudiments of batting by throwing a golf ball at an old tank and trying to hit it with a stump on the rebound. He learned to throw under equally Spartan conditions: "I would take a golf ball into the paddock," he writes, "and standing a short distance from a fence, I threw the ball so as to hit a given spot on the rounded rail. . . By constant practice I found I could hit a certain spot on the rail that would make the ball come straight back to me. I was quite pleased with the accuracy of aim I acquired in this way."

The chapter devoted to the selection of the Australian team to come to England in 1930 reflects admirably this remarkable young man's mental poise: "Having persuaded myself that I had a chance of being chosen to make the trip," writes Bradman, "I was at the same time quite prepared for disappointment. It is part of my mental make-up not to take anything for granted. The view I took was that if our selectors decided I was good enough, I would be picked as a matter of course. . . . Everybody in Australia constituted himself a selector. . . . Every potential Australian player was dissected, myself among the number. Quite a number of critics openly expressed the opinion that I would not be a success under English conditions; that my 'style' was next to impossible, that it smacks of the Bush, and so on. 'This country lad,' it was written, 'with his cross bat, will be no good on English wickets.'

Such criticism neither stung nor hurt me, but it did make me determined that if selected I would do my best to confound my critics. I am not unused to criticism, and I recall that Maurice Tate took me aside when saying good-bye at Melbourne: 'Don,' he said, 'learn to play a straight bat before you come to England or you will never get any runs.'"

"I am ready to admit . . . that I make no pretensions as to style, but having discovered and proved that I could make runs in Australia by my own methods, I felt that they would be effective in England. If they were not, then I said: 'I'll alter them to suit the conditions there.'"

Bradman concludes this interesting chapter by informing us that he was on a shooting trip with his brother when the team was announced and learned the good news from friends on his way home. I like this. A man with sufficient control to go calmly about his lawful occasions with his future in the balance—and selection for the Australian team was Bradman's future—might be expected to take root in a Test Match and smash every record to blazes. It warms my heart to think of a mere boy, self-taught but self-possessed, with his "cross bat and a style that smacked of the Bush," unknown to and untried in English cricket, doggedly butting his way into a class of his own and a fame that will live so long as the game is played.

Slow—tedious—mechanical—thus, at times, we described him, but, by the Heavens above us! he got the runs.

LEIGH D. BROWNLEE

THE CENSORSHIP

Keeping it Dark, or the Censor's Handbook. By Bernard Causton and G. Gordon Young. Mandrake Press. 3s. 6d.

IN one of the Will Dyson cartoons which the authors have selected to illustrate their admirable destructive analysis of our literary and dramatic censorships, we see a group of three right-thinking persons, without chins or foreheads, discussing the question of the sex novel, and one, clearly the most insane of the three, is saying: "What we need, my dear sirs, is legislation to prevent our daughters from reading the novels they have written." Which explains and settles the whole business. For the outstanding fact of all literary censorship is that the people who in the last resort have to deliver judgment—magistrates, judges, Home Secretaries, Lord Chamberlains and what not—are virtually out of date before they reach the judgment seat. Fashions in the unmentionable change from age to age, at the present moment from day to day, and to forbid an artist to discuss seriously in a book what young people talk about openly is as stupid as it is ineffective. In the introduction which she contributes to the book, Miss Rebecca West makes the point that the prohibition of books dealing with forms of sexual behaviour of which the mass of the community disapproves, tends to popularize that behaviour and to make heroes of its practitioners.

After a full and fair and scrupulously honest discussion of the various censorships Mr. Causton and Mr. Young advocate "the complete abolition of the obscenity law," and no impartial person reading their arguments will deny that they are cogent, if not unanswerable. Abolition to meet the case they present must be complete, for as the prosecution of Miss Radcliffe Hall's novel 'The Well of Loneliness' and the raid upon Mr. D. H. Laurence's pictures demonstrate, expert artistic opinion or advice is neither sought nor entertained. Nevertheless, a doubt presents itself. Is it not conceivable that if there were no Obscenity Act at all, things would be printed and

pictures exhibited, against which even the most enlightened and most modern would revolt. Pornography, however, is not as popular or as profitable as Mr. Dyson's right-thinking idiots would have us believe, and even if it were legal it may be that popular resentment would be sufficient to keep a check upon its dissemination. Anyway, Mr. Causton and Mr. Young have done a public service in calling attention in a judicial and judicious manner to the failure of the Censorship as it exists.

INDIAN DOCUMENTS

Loyal India. By Percy H. Dumbell. Constable. 12s.

THE author of this book has never been to India, but he was an official in the India Office for twenty-six years and was for some time one of Lord Morley's secretaries. The book is a very useful collection of documents bearing upon different phases of the Indian problem. Every reader who knows his subject will want to criticize the selection. Under education, for instance, some extracts from Macaulay would have been welcome. A chapter on Law and Justice would have been a useful addition, with extracts from Maine, Ilbert, Chalmers, etc. Under the heading of the Indian States extracts from the legal opinion of Sir Leslie Scott, K.C., and his four distinguished colleagues at the Bar could well have been given. But no such collection could please everybody.

The author's Introduction breathes the India Office atmosphere: "The Riddle of the Sphinx is still unanswered; a complete solution has still to be found; but the royal watchword of 'sympathy' will, it may be hoped, prove more potent than any hitherto proclaimed." And yet, a few pages on, "it must be recognized that to the teeming millions of the Indian peasantry, Britain's attempt to introduce the machinery of democracy is and must remain a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence." The motto of the India Office, as of Simla and Delhi, has long been that popular music-hall refrain: "We don't know where we are." Those who study the documents in this book will scarcely be convinced that the attitude of ostrich-like optimism which British policy has for twenty years assumed, and still assumes, is likely to solve the fundamental problems of the continent of India. "The Hindu conception of sovereignty is simplicity itself: it is kingship, monarchy, the rule of one person," writes Mr. Dumbell. But where is the statesman to-day who would even dare to propose that the solution for British India lies in the wide extension of the system of government that has long existed in the Indian States with their personal rule? Meanwhile, official effort concentrates upon constitutional quackeries, each one of which is less intelligible and less satisfying than the other.

It is refreshing to find in this volume of extracts a lively "dialogue between a District officer and an Indian gentleman resident in the district." The date is 1909 and the District officer is endeavouring to ascertain local opinion on the Morley-Minto reforms. The Indian gentleman shows no enthusiasm:

No, Sahib, consult us by all means, but do it secretly. It is not right to put people in opposition to Government. I will tell you the truth. The Sarkar [Government] is well-meaning, as I have said, but it has made two fatal mistakes. First, it has given education to people unfitted for it; second, it has put the tenants above the landlords. Now it wishes to put the Kamins [councils] above itself.

The Indian gentleman's view of Indian education is unconsciously confirmed in the extract given from the

report of the Calcutta University Commission, of which Sir Michael Sadler was chairman. The Bengali student, says the report, is "often the victim to the mere jingle of a familiar phrase." But weakness runs through all the education of Indians to-day, and among the most popular "jingles" are Home Rule, Self-Determination, Dominion Status, etc.

THE WANDERING JEW

The Jewish Travellers. Edited, with an Introduction, by Elkan Nathan Adler. "The Broadway Travellers." Routledge. 15s.

"EVERY country has the Jews it deserves," Benjamin Disraeli once said; and an analysis of the voyaging of Jews in early days shows that this statement is, in the main, correct. Sir E. Denison Ross and Dr. Eileen Power have been well advised to include in the interesting series of "The Broadway Travellers" a volume on Jewish travellers, the editing of which they have entrusted to the capable hands of Dr. Adler. Four years ago, Mr. J. D. Eisenstein, of New York, published a collection of twenty-four Hebrew texts of Jewish travellers between 1165 and 1839. This, by permission, has been made the basis of the present volume, which, as a matter of fact, contains both less and more. The scope of the volume under consideration begins with the ninth and is brought to a close in the middle of the eighteenth century; and this achieves the object of the learned editor: to give a conspectus of Jewish travel during the Middle Ages. The range, thus, is wide: it begins with Eginhard of Franconia, the secretary and biographer of Charlemagne, and one of the heroes of Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'; and concludes with a selection of extracts from the diary of Haim David Azulai, who in 1775 visited Holland, England and France.

This interesting volume gives the lie to the age-long statement that the Jew is a sedentary creature: give him his sling—he could take it in the old days, as he can to-day—and he, like men of other races, would struggle whole-heartedly for the palms of victory. As Dr. Adler says:

The Wandering Jew is a very real character in the great drama of history. From Ur of the Chaldees to Palestine and Egypt; and then back again to the Holy Land, and then to Assyria and Babylon and Egypt and the furthest cities of the far-flung Roman Empire, he has travelled as nomad and settler, as fugitive and conqueror, as exile and colonist, as merchant and scholar, as mendicant and pilgrim, as collector and as ambassador.

Among early travellers were, in the late twelfth century, Rabbi Petachia of Ratisbon and Rabbi Jacob ben R. Nathaniel ha Cohen; and not long after, Rabbi Samuel ben Samson. Joseph del Medigo (1591-1657), a native of Crete, who had studied medicine at Padua, travelled in Egypt, Constantinople, Poland, Russia and Lithuania, and published at Amsterdam his interesting 'Maase Tobia.' Texeira was a Marrano of Lisbon, who went to India, and in 1587 took part in the Portuguese expedition from Goa to Mombasa, Muscat and Ormuz, and went afterwards to Persia and Malacca, returning by way of Borneo, the Philippines, Mexico, Cuba, Florida, Bermuda and Spain. He was probably the first Jew to go round the world, and he published in 1604 the 'Narrative of My Journey (overland) from India to Italy.'

Perhaps the star turn is Rabbi Benjamin ben Jonah, of Tudela, in Navarre: he has been immortalized by Purchas, who described him as the greatest traveller that had ever lived. In the twelfth century he went from Tudela, through Rome and Otranto; to Corfu across Greece to Constantinople, visiting the Archi-

pelago, Rhodes, Cyprus, and so to Antioch. From Antioch, after a stay in Palestine, he proceeded to Damascus, Bagdad and Persia; thence, across the Persian Gulf to India, Ceylon, and—it is thought—Persia. He returned to Spain by way of Aden, Assuan, overland to Cairo and Alexandria, crossing the Mediterranean to Sicily and Rome. A feat, indeed, in the twelfth century: no wonder that it has inspired Dr. Adler to exclaim: "His repose be in Paradise."

LEWIS MELVILLE

SOCRATES IN ENGLAND

Plato's Britannia. By Douglas Woodruff. Sheed and Ward. 6s.

M R. WOODRUFF used a Socratic dialogue with conspicuous success in his 'Plato's American Republic.' In the present work Socrates has visited England and on his return to Greece has much to say to his friends. Perhaps the very surest way of gaining unbiased information about oneself is, unbeknown to the speakers, to overhear a conversation of which one is the subject. New and surprising light is thrown on one's character and much is revealed that no self-analysis would discover. So in this work light, often unexpected light, is thrown from unaccustomed angles on England and the Empire. Her ideals, government, methods, her education, class distinctions, relaxations and absence of thought are all discussed with a stimulating wit and penetration. On the unhappiness of the rich much is said and there are wise words on pigs and the unemployment question. With regard to the former, Socrates recommends a Ministry of Hypnotism, to be filled by bankers. "I believe they must just begin by changing the mind of their rich men, who are too thoroughly schooled in

An historical novel of charm and significance.

STEPHEN MACONI

By S. CUNLIFFE OWEN

6s.

The problem treated in this book is not one confined to any age or any one section of society. The modern world is just as much concerned with the escape from the trivialities of a round of meaningless pleasures, the futile struggles for a false security, as was the Renaissance society, shaken to its roots by ideas which were far in advance of their time. The people of this tale: the Saint-Catherine; the impetuous inheritor of a noble tradition—Stephen; the exquisite though spoiled and satiated woman of the world—Elys, are all essentially modern in their interpretation of and reaction to the problems of life. At the same time the historical accuracy of the book has not suffered; we see ourselves in a clearer, less diffused, light and our problems are here presented to us as under a burning-glass.

First Reviews.

"The splendour of the Papal court and its essentially pagan atmosphere are vividly described . . . can be recommended to the serious student of history as well as to the lover of historical romance."

Church Times.

"The author displays a welcome knowledge of the period, and the story is full of charm."

East Anglian Daily Times.

RICHARDS
90 Newman Street, London, W.1

the habits of the great Queen, and who commonly think as private persons and not as citizens when they consider to what use their money should be put. But I know there is a great deal of money in England which is rendered useless through excessive fear, and I believe that wise statesmen could obtain it and spend it fruitfully on pigs, or in some other primary and creative fashion, if the rich knew nothing about it, or believed that they were so rich that they could well afford to lend it very cheaply."

On education Mr. Woodruff makes Socrates say: "It is much the same (for rich and poor) for as Procrustes had that bed of his to which all his guests had to fit, being lopped if they were too tall and racked if they were too short, so have the English two beds into which they fit their children. For they believe greatly in order, and they know that order is easily kept among people who are all alike." The docility and meekness are reinforced by life in the towns where "they are reminded of their personal insignificance every time they go out into the street. They learn, too, at every street crossing that their convenience must await its turn and that it is impossible for a good citizen to say 'Please' and 'Thank you' too often. Nor would I deny that they are all the happier for being brought up in their elementary schools to believe that things are improving all the time, and that their ancestors are deserving of some blame, it is true, but principally of pity, and that their betters in all departments of life are busy devising improvements in the common life." Here, as throughout the book, much shrewd criticism underlies the wit.

FRANCIS HEATHCOTE

A SAD CONTROVERSY

Ten Medieval Studies. By G. G. Coulton. Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.

THIS new edition of Dr. Coulton's polemics in favour of modern civilization from an Anglican standpoint against purely imaginary representations of medieval life awakens mixed feelings in the reviewer. Unfortunately, the person who suffers the most from the author's destructive criticism is the late Cardinal Gasquet, and to anyone who knew him and had fallen under the spell of his personal charm and real learning, it is a positive pain to pass from mistake to mistake, from slip to slip, from carelessness to carelessness, and to acknowledge the truth of the corrections here made. We believe that someone, greatly daring, once asked the Cardinal why he did not correct some of these errors, to whom he answered, that all his life he had made it a rule never to refer back to past work. That is understandable, as all of us who have done much writing know; but it does not excuse the republication of inferior work if it is in one's power to prevent it. There is a story of some great experimenter who used to say when he had elaborated his theory: "Now turn it over to the mathematicians"; was there something like this in the Cardinal's case? Dr. Coulton's cruellest hit is made in respect of some of the Cardinal's quotations from the Vulgate, which do in fact show carelessness unhappy in the president of a Commission for the reform of the Vulgate text. That he made intentional misstatements no one who knew Cardinal Gasquet would believe for a moment, but there they are on record, and we must class them with the spirit photographs, ectoplasm experiments, and other such productions of men of the highest personal honour and standing among their fellows—inexplicable. We are sure that in expressing our pain at the necessity for this reiteration of Dr. Coulton's criticism, we are also expressing his own feelings of regret for the duty of castigating so severely a great scholar and a great ecclesiastic.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Shropshire of Mary Webb. By W. Reid Chappell. Palmer. 7s. 6d.

THE interest which has waxed recently, and which shows no sign of waning as yet, over the Mary Webb novels, will be stimulated anew by this book on her country, written "under the inspiration and with the guidance of Mary Webb's husband." The author has dealt sympathetically and skilfully with his subject and has been as ready to give, as his readers are to ask for, allusions that bring the place-names in Mary Webb's life and novels, and the map names of her country, together. This identification, with attractive photographic illustrations of Shropshire and discursively informative matter about the county, give the book's title a full measure of truth, and the reader's curiosity an ample satisfaction.

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Flying. By C. Grahame-White. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.

AT a time when aviation is so much discussed a survey of its development by such an authority as Mr. Grahame-White is welcome, and he has been at some pains to make the matter as clear as possible to the ordinary reader both by the arrangement of his facts and the number and excellence of the illustrations. He gives a lucid if rather laboured account of all the experiments of any significance that led up to the present point of aircraft development. The account is as far as possible complete up to the present day, but so rapidly are events moving in the history of aviation that while Miss Amy Johnson's flight has its place the book was published too early for there to be any mention of the calamity of the R101, which gives point to some of his observations on the comparative merits of lighter-than-air craft and heavier-than-air craft in civil aviation. He discusses that question with fairness and at length, and while admitting the advantage of airships in their superior capacity for non-stop flights he points out their enormous cost, their inferiority in speed to aeroplanes, and their doubtful trustworthiness, a question that the fate of the R101 will have since decided in the minds of the majority of the public. Over the future of flying in general, as a means of international communication and also as a sport, Mr. Grahame-White is enthusiastic.

The Changing Fabric of Japan. By M. D. Kennedy. Constable. 16s.

THIS book sets forth clearly the apparently irreconcilable anomalies which beset the social and industrial development of a country which has with extraordinarily exceptional rapidity passed from medievalism to the rank of a Great Power in the modern world. Unhappy is the lot of a Japanese statesman whom duty and necessity force to frame his foreign and consequently some part of his domestic policy in accordance with Western usage. He at once finds himself opposed by a powerful and popular party of reaction, inspired by a fervent if misguided sense of patriotism, which will not discard even assassination as a remedy for what they regard as a menace to national character and sentiment. It seems to be fairly generally acknowledged that Japan needs a positive religion (just at a time when materialism is fighting for supremacy in so many parts of Europe!), "State" Shintoism being expressly not a religion at all, but only an ethical and ceremonial code, now deemed insufficient and unsatisfying in view of the spread of education. A book to be read by all interested in the great Island Empire of the East.

The Office of the King's Remembrancer in England. By Sir G. A. Bonner. Butterworth. 21s.

STUDENTS of the history of our institutions are as a rule ignorant of the amount of information about procedure in the past stored up in the smaller public offices which would throw light on their working, while on the other hand many officials are unaware of the intensive study of administrative history that is now going on. Sir George Bonner has written a valuable if discursive account of the office he holds, a very ancient one but transformed by the Judicature Act, illuminated by the records in his charge, and he gives an account of such ceremonies as the payment of quit-rents by the City of London and the Trial of the Pyx. It is, by the way, erroneous to connect the latter ceremony with the old custom of finding the actual silver content of the coins paid in by the sheriffs to the Norman or Angevin exchequers. A good deal of use has been made of Madox, whose book on the Exchequer is still of value, but much work has been done since his time, and such studies as that of Professor Willard in the Tout Memorial volume would have corrected some long-standing errors in Sir George's authorities. His book

will, however, derive its main value from the information it contains based on the documents in his charge and his own experience, and is thus a valuable contribution to knowledge.

Ronald Firbank. A Memoir by Ifan Kyle Fletcher. Duckworth. 8s. 6d.

IT is fitting that Ronald Firbank should have this Memoir dedicated to his memory. It would have pleased him, too, who had so little fame in his lifetime that distinguished friends should testify to his talents and to his personality. A large public he will never have, and it may even be doubted whether in the future his reputation will endure among the few. That he had charm, that he could win affection, this book proves, and it abundantly shows the reason why he was so lonely, was so disliked by many, suffered so greatly. An aesthete, intensely self-conscious, intensely nervous: driven by his temperament to do, as also to be, just what aroused the maximum of attention, the maximum of disapprobation from that great multitude that is suspicious of beauty and merciless to decadence. Yet he had a surprising resistance: a toughness derived no doubt from his engineer grandfather who laid the foundations of the family fortunes and remarked, disparagingly, on seeing a hunter in the stables, "Eh, lads! That woarnt pull a load o' much!" He travelled much and alone and died in Rome in 1926. His wit, his love of beauty, his extreme eccentricity, his surprising and amusing use of words, none can deny. He fled from life to his own fantastic world, and sought to create that world for others, but without complete success. The key to much of his naughtiness may be found, perhaps, in his reiterated words to Lord Berners: "The Church of Rome would not have me and so I laugh at her." Like another eccentric of greater genius, Fr. Rolfe, he seems to have wished to be a priest.



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MOTORING

THE ROAD TRAFFIC ACT 1930
A GUIDE TO THE MOTORIST

BY W. T. COLES

Up to the present time there has not been any legal obligation for the driver of a motor vehicle to insure against loss or damage which he may cause to third parties. If the driver has been of substantial and adequate means to compensate fully for any loss or damage done, no hardship has been sustained by injured parties; in cases, however, which have come to light, and in which sometimes the vehicle itself (and then only worth a few pounds) has been the chief asset of the driver, the resultant loss to members of the public has been very serious. Take, for example, the case of a man who is the sole supporter of a family—he may be knocked down and killed through the negligence of a motorist, and unless the driver is insured or of substantial means, adequate compensation for the dependents is impossible.

Another point, often rather a bone of contention, concerns the payment to hospitals for services rendered to members of the public following an accident. It is not possible in these cases to follow the Scotch doctor's advice and "Tak' the fee, while the tear's in the 'ee,'" and the subsequent demand for reimbursement from the patient or the insurance company has not always met with the desired result.

This state of affairs has now been brought to an end, to a very large extent, by the new Traffic Act, which comes into force on January 1, 1931.

Unless a deposit of £15,000 has been made with the Accountant-General it is an offence, punishable by a fine not exceeding £50, or three months' imprisonment, or both, to use a motor vehicle on the road unless there is in force a policy of insurance against third party risks: in addition to the fine, disqualification from holding a licence for twelve months will also be imposed, unless for special reasons the Court think fit.

Not only, however, must the requisite insurance be effected, but a certificate in the prescribed form must also be obtained from the insurers, and this certificate must be produced on demand. When applying for the renewal of the vehicle licence, it will be necessary to forward the certificate of insurance with the application, as without its production the requisite licence will not be issued: it is anticipated that these certificates will be forwarded to existing policy holders in the near future, so that they will be received in ample time to obtain the new vehicle licence. This certificate must also be produced to a constable or other person in the event of an accident involving damage to a person or animal: if it is not produced, the accident must be reported to a police station within twenty-four hours, and the certificate produced.

In view of the aforementioned points, it now becomes more important than ever to be sure that the insurance policy is in order and covers the uses to which the car will be put, for in the event of the policy not covering the purpose for which the car is being used, one is faced, not only with the prospect of finding oneself uninsured, but also of receiving a summons under the new Act.

The usual comprehensive policy covers, among other things, the third party risks while the car is being driven by the owner or any driver acting with the owner's knowledge and consent, provided the driver is duly licensed. The driving licence, therefore, has a very important significance.

Business use, carriage of goods, and towage of a trailer, are all risks which are not usually included

in a standard insurance policy, and if any of these are undertaken, the policy and certificate should be endorsed accordingly.

The payment to the hospital of the expenses incurred in treating cases which are injured as a result of an accident are to be paid by the insurance company, if they are liable to pay the damages sustained to the third party—this payment being limited to £25 per head; it is gratifying to note that the insurance companies are making no additional charge for this extra cover.

In addition to the above, sundry other restrictions and conditions have been introduced, which will little affect the law-abiding motorist.

It is no longer permissible to carry more than one million rider, and, furthermore, he or she must ride astride on a firmly fixed seat.

No longer are we allowed to bump over the common land in search of a secluded spot for the picnic; the car must now be left within fifteen yards of the road and we must take to our feet.

We must be physically fit before a driving licence is granted, and if the licence is demanded, we shall be allowed five days in which to produce it at the police station. The minimum age at which one is permitted to drive a motor cycle is sixteen, a car seventeen, and a heavy motor vehicle twenty-one.

Taking a general view of the new Act, especially in so far as it relates to insurance, one cannot help feeling that it is a decided step in the right direction. To the ordinary car owner it will entail very little extra trouble, but to members of the general public it will prove a very real source of security. It may still happen that there are very rare occasions, when, through the policy holder's negligence, an insurance will not operate, but the number would be represented by only a very small percentage of the cars and motor cycles that are on the road at the moment and not insured.

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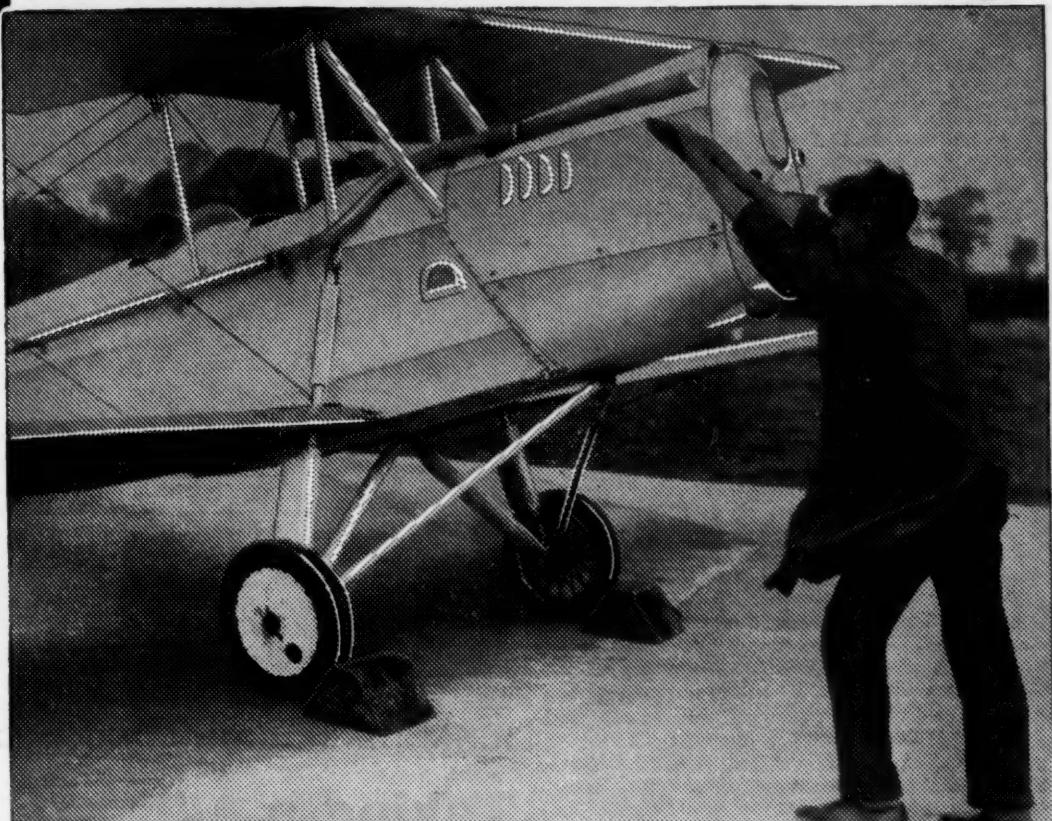
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3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 456

(CLOSING DATE: First post Wednesday, December 24)

A PALACE AND MEMORIAL HERE MEET,
PROUD ORNAMENTS OF "SCOTIA'S DARLING SEAT."

1. "Our being's end and aim?" Carlyle cries "No!"
2. From energy both head and tail must go.
3. Three crowns this paltry ballad cost King James.
4. Called, in plain English, such a name or names.
5. What prince or ploughboy takes each time he feeds.
6. Falls justly upon those who do vile deeds.
7. A pen, and town in land of Bolivar.
8. One of the have-beens, not of those that are.
9. The mistress of the house in tongue of Fritz.
10. Studied by many till they lose their wits.
11. Behold me now the colour of a flea.
12. At self-defence a dabster he should be.
13. Goes to the ant, to bees, wasps, hornets, flies,
Their ways consider, and is wondrous wise.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 454

TWO HOUSEHOLD REMEDIES OF ANCIENT FAME:
"OLDEST INHABITANTS" WELL KNOW THEIR NAME;
ONE YOU RUB INTO WOUNDS AND ONE YOU SWALLOW,
AND THEN, IF HEAVEN SO PLEASES, CURES MAY FOLLOW.

1. Half of a wealthy Jew who climbed a trunk.
2. What legs do when small biters share our bunk.
3. 'Twas here JUGURTHA struggled to be free.
4. Those can decipher it who have the key.
5. Lop at each end the chap who grills your steak.
6. A foreign one 'tis hard your own to make.
7. It's noxious, friends: do please take some away!
8. WILLIAM they thought a crack shot in his day.
9. With me at Christmas Tommy's tummy's lined.
10. Size and sagacity with strength combined.
11. Such want of proper care may cost him dear.
12. The cups that, not inebriating, cheer.

Solution of Acrostic No. 454

Z	ac	Chesus ¹	1 Luke ix, 1-4. (<i>Trunk</i> , "the stem of a tree.")
I	tc	H	2 Jugurtha carried on a war against the Romans for five years, and was subdued with great difficulty. "The name and the wars of Jugurtha have been immortalized by the pen of Sallust."
N	umidi	A ²	3 "While the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
C	ryptogra	M	Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
O	Ok		That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each."
I	dio	M	Cowper, 'The Task,' iv, 38.
N	o	Isome	
T	el	L	
M	ince-pi	E	
E	lephan	T	
N	eglignenc	E	
T	e	A ³	

ACROSTIC No. 454.—The winner is Mrs. Milne, 82 Hazelwood Lane, N.13, who has selected as her prize 'The Wanderer of Liverpool,' by John Masefield, published by Heinemann and reviewed by Geoffrey Grigson in our columns on December 6 under the title 'The First Mate of the Muses.' Nineteen other competitors named this book, fifteen chose 'The National History of France,' fifteen 'The Holy Cities of Arabia,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Ali, Armadale, E. Barrett, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boote, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Boris, Boskerris, Mrs. Robert Brown, Mrs. J. Butler, Carlton, C. C. J., J. Chambers, Clam, Dhault, D. L., Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gean, Glanis, Mrs. Gosset, T. Hartland, Jeff, Madge, Mango, Martha, Met,

George W. Miller, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, N. O. Selian, Orby, Rabbits, Rand, Miss Raper, Raven, Rho Kappa, Shorwell, Shrub, Sisyphus, St. Ives, Stucco, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan, C. J. Warden, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Barberry, Bolo, Charles G. Box, Ernest Carr, Bertram R. Carter, Miss Carter, Estela, Falcon, G. M. Fowler, Gay, F. Gray, Miss Kelly, Lilian, Mrs. Lole, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, H. de R. Morgan, Peter, Miss A. E. Spark, Miss Daphne Touche.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Ruth Carrick, Maud Crowther, Farsdon, F. M. Petty, W. Stone. All others more. Light 4 baffled 19 solvers; Light 11, 6; Lights 3 and 9, 3; Light 6, 2.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

C. 2047. 'Love, Come to my Aid' ('Samson and Delilah'); 'Softly Awakes My Heart' (Saint-Saëns). Marion Anderson with orchestral accompaniment.

C. 1993. 'Thousand and One Nights,' Waltz. (Strauss.) 'Legende Rozynki.' Niedzielski, pianoforte solo.

D. 1886. 'Thou Shalt Break Them' ('Messiah,' Handel); 'Sound an Alarm' ('Judas Macabaeus,' Handel). Walter Widdop, Tenor.

D.A. 1140. 'Capriccio in F Minor (Dohnanyi); 'Valse Oubliée' (Liszt). Vladimir Horowitz, piano-forte solo.

B. 3631. 'Veni Domini, Op. 39, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); 'Ave Verum' (Elgar). Westminster Cathedral Choir.

B. 3518. 'How Lovely are the Messengers' (Mendelssohn); 'Lord, It belongs not to My Care' (Walford Davies). Choir of Temple Church, London.



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Secretary: MAJOR S. HALL-PATCH, B.A., F.I.S.A.



THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

DEALINGS started on the Stock Exchange last Monday for the first account in 1931, the next pay day being on January 8. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that prices in New York over the week-end had fallen to record low levels as a result of the banking troubles in that city, the stock markets did not display a very cheerful tendency when the first bargains for 1931 were recorded. It is synonymous with the latent optimism which predominates in the character of most of mankind that when a new year approaches a feeling generally prevails that it will herald a fresh start of prosperity and that by the simple act of tearing December 31 away from the calendar and leaving January 1 exposed all previous troubles disappear and everything will be plain sailing. In the past on very many occasions this characteristic has been illustrated by markets displaying strength during the last few days of the old year and for a few days—sometimes even for a few weeks—in the new year. On the present occasion, however, I am doubtful whether this old-time practice will again be in evidence because it is so obvious that the troubles from which we are suffering and which have led to such depressed markets during recent months cannot possibly be eliminated merely by the change from 1930 to 1931. Yet it is felt that without indulging in unjustifiable optimism 1931 will prove a more satisfactory year than 1930. The various factors which have led to world-wide depression have been dealt with on many occasions in the past in these notes and their repetition to-day will serve no useful purpose, but it is felt that the worst of many of these has been seen. Further, in view of the present low level of so many quotations, it appears to be a physical impossibility for prices to be marked down in 1931 to anything like the extent of the falls in 1930. When the history of the current financial depression comes to be written, it is suggested that historians will be able to record that the turn came early in 1931, and although progress was very slow and at times hardly discernible, conditions at the end of 1931 showed a material improvement as compared with those ruling at the beginning of the year.

HUDSON'S BAY

Generally speaking, the City is becoming hardened to the shocks of unfavourable reports. It must be admitted, however, that the announcement that the governors of the Hudson's Bay Company had decided to pass the dividend on their preference capital came as an extremely unpleasant surprise not merely to holders of these shares but to the City generally. That all was not well with the Hudson's Bay Company had been appreciated; in fact, a committee of shareholders was formed some months ago to look into the position. While the fact that conditions in Canada had been necessarily difficult during the past six months was known, there had been no suspicion that the Hudson's Bay directors would find it necessary to take this very drastic step. Holders of both ordinary and preference shares of this company appear to have every reason for anxiety, and it is to be hoped that the committee of shareholders will issue their report with as little delay as possible, and further, than any proposals they may put forward with a view to a drastic change of management should be carried out without delay.

DAILY MIRROR NEWSPAPERS

Last week the attention of readers of these notes was drawn to the shares of the Daily Mail Trust, which, it was suggested, had fallen to a level at which they constituted in their class a particularly attractive investment. To-day it is proposed to give a few details of another company in the same group, that of the

Daily Mirror Newspapers Limited, for a similar reason. This company has an excellent record of progressive profits and regular dividends since its incorporation in 1920. The ordinary shares of the company were privately held until 1922, when dealings commenced in them on the Stock Exchange. Their denomination is 5s. and their present price, which is in the neighbourhood of 17s., compares with 39s. at one time last year. The company, in addition to owning the *Daily Mirror* newspaper, is largely interested in the following companies: Daily Mail Trust, Sunday Pictorial Newspapers (1920), Associated Newspapers Limited, Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, the Canada Power and Paper Corporation, Bowater's Mersey Paper Mills Limited, and Albert E. Reed and Company. Its annual profits have consistently expanded from £256,049 for the year ended February 28, 1924, to £480,360 for the year ended February 28 last. For the past seven years dividends have been maintained at 30 per cent.; while, in addition, for the financial year ended February 28, 1927, a capital bonus of 50 per cent. was distributed, and in the following financial year a capital bonus of 33½ per cent. It is understood that despite general depression indications at present point to the fact that the profits for the financial year ending February next should be as good as those of the previous year. At the present level these shares show a yield in the neighbourhood of 9 per cent.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS

Having on several occasions in the past suggested to readers of these notes that the shares of the Ashanti Goldfields Corporation were an extremely promising mining investment, it is gratifying to be able to draw attention to the fact that the shares of this corporation have provided one of the few bright exceptions to the general dullness which has characterized markets of late. At one time last year Ashanti Goldfields shares were standing as low as 19s. 6d., and at regular intervals since then the attention of readers of these notes has been drawn to their possibilities. Now that they have risen to within a shilling or two of £1 higher than their low level of last year, holders may be wondering whether they should take their profit and whether it is not tempting Providence to continue holding these shares. Years of experience prompts me to state that it is always unwise to dissuade anyone from taking a profit, particularly in times like these when the word "profit" has been almost ousted from the average investor's vocabulary by its sinister counterpart "loss." Still, it is felt that Ashanti Goldfields shares should go materially higher, always, of course, provided that the developments in the lower level of the mine continue satisfactory. As these shares show a very generous return at the present price, it is felt that holders would probably be well advised to retain their interest, at all events for another three or six months, as during this period there is every possibility of the shares reaching fresh high levels.

RHODESIAN CONGO BORDER

Speeches of outstanding interest were made by Sir Auckland C. Geddes and Sir Henry Strakosch at the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession meeting held this week. The meeting was convened for passing resolutions authorizing the proposed merger scheme, which were carried. In view of the great potentialities of this field, it is satisfactory to note that its control will continue in British hands. Those interested in this class of venture should read the speeches above referred to, which will be found in this Review.

TAURUS

COMPANY MEETINGS

In this issue will be found reports of the meetings of the following companies: Panama Corporation, Ltd., Bwana M'kubwa Copper Mining Co., Ltd., Bank of London and South America, Ltd., and Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd.

Company Meetings

Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, LIMITED

NORTHERN RHODESIAN COPPER CONSOLIDATION

RICHNESS OF THE FIELD

POWERFUL FINANCIAL BACKING

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES ON BENEFITS OF SCHEME

The Eighth Annual General Meeting of the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd., was held on December 17 at Winchester House, London, E.C., Mr. Francis L. Gibbs (chairman of the company) presiding.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, the retiring directors were re-elected, and the auditors were re-appointed.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland C. Geddes, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., then moved the special resolutions in connexion with the draft agreement with the Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Company, Ltd., and, in the course of his speech, said: Let me begin by recalling those days about two years ago when a strenuous effort was necessary to prevent the N'Changa mine and the very rich deposits since discovered in our ground just outside the N'Changa Concession from passing into the control of an American corporation. Speaking at the meeting of the Rio Tinto Company on April 14 of this year I defined my position at that earlier time in these words:

"I am not prepared to take up an anti-American attitude in this matter, but I am prepared to take what action is possible to prevent dominance by any one national interest in an industry which must serve a world need," and then a little later in that speech I said: "and now I believe no one nation can dominate the Rhodesian field, but that its development is in the hands of Companies representing, through their shareholding, practically all the world, American as well as European. This I am satisfied is the best arrangement possible." So much for April 14, 1930.

I had hardly finished speaking when the price of copper broke. As time went on the effects of this collapse began to accumulate and I became anxious about the future control of this company. There was a great deal of exaggerated talk about copper being in superabundant supply and about the certainty of low prices for the metal for many years, and quite a number of people quite naturally took up the attitude "Well, we have a good profit on our R.C.B.C. holdings. Let us realize it," and quite a number did, and many of their shares passed into American hands, although many also passed into ours, for we have been steadily increasing our holding and propose still further to increase it, provided this consolidation goes through.

FINANCING OF NORTHERN RHODESIAN COPPER DEVELOPMENTS

A little later, in May-June of this year to be precise, I raised in the Technical Committee the question of our coming financial needs, because I foresaw some difficulty in finding the money required to finance Rhodesian Copper developments as a whole, in sufficient volume in London to maintain British interest in the proportion which was established at the time when we prevented the control of N'Changa and a large slice of our most valuable territory from passing into non-British hands. Indeed, London has already failed to maintain its proportion for the two large American holdings and several smaller ones which are opposed to the proposals before us to-day were built up to their present proportions after the struggle of two years ago. I have reason to believe, in fact I know, that other and quite different American interests hoped, perhaps would still hope if these resolutions could be defeated, to obtain large blocks of shares in this company. I believe I am betraying no confidence when I tell you when I was in New York I heard the view expressed that some of the British holdings were too weak to support their share of the further finance required, that they would have to diminish their proportionate holding, and that American interests would buy.

Please do not misunderstand me. I am far from taking up any anti-American attitude. On the contrary, I am in favour of American participation in these great enterprises as I am of French and Dutch and German and any other national partici-

pation, but I do not think any one, least of all the wiser and more far-sighted American, wants to see the whole Northern Rhodesian copper field in the hands of the American copper companies. And so I ask you to remember that at the back of all the proposals which I bring before you to-day is a very real problem, namely, that of financing the development of the Northern Rhodesian copper field—a vast undertaking.

REASONS FOR RECOMMENDING CONSOLIDATION

As the world economic position worsened, my belief in the wisdom of achieving the largest possible consolidation of the Northern Rhodesian copper mines strengthened, and I set out in some private notes written to clarify my own thought, ten reasons which I subsequently used at a meeting of your board as the basis of my recommendations in favour of the course proposed to you to-day:

1. That copper is in danger of under-consumption, which will be called overproduction for a time to be measured in years.
2. That the best way of meeting such a situation in relation to the copper world as it exists to-day is for the coming production of Rhodesia to be in as few and as strong hands as possible.
3. That the best chance of securing a proper share of the world's supply of copper for the Rhodesian Mines is for them to be equipped to meet something more than their probable share of the supply and for that equipment to be under the control of organizations self-contained and assured of adequate financial resources.
4. That large units would be advantageous in dealing with the Northern Rhodesian Government as well as conceivably with the British Government.
5. That the Chartered Company wields great power in Rhodesia and that it will be immeasurably advantageous to be in a position of partner with, rather than tenant of, the Chartered Company. This would in effect be the position under the consolidation before us to-day as a result of the Chartered Company's very large shareholding in the Rhodesian Anglo-American Ltd., the largest single holder of R.C.B.C. shares.

CAPITAL OUTLAY

6. That consolidation would make it possible, if such a course were considered advisable or were forced on the company by world conditions to secure any given reasonable profit per existing shares of R.C.B.C. and Bwana M'Kubwa in combination with a smaller capital outlay than would be required to secure the same profit for the existing shares of R.C.B.C. and Bwana M'Kubwa if the companies remain separate. As the two companies must draw fresh capital from the same general sources this has advantages for both. Further, this may legitimately be regarded as a saving of capital expenditure from the shareholder's viewpoint as well as from the point of view of copper production, though to a much greater extent in the case of the former than in that of the latter. The ratio being in this respect of the order of 3:1.

7. Consolidation would save expenses throughout the life of the mines.
8. Consolidation will not damage any of the company's powers to produce cheaply or diminish their ore reserves, and it will have little, if any, detrimental effect in the case of R.C.B.C. upon the actual proportion of the quality in R.C.B.C. adhering to any one existing share.

9. The present organization of the R.C.B.C. Company is clumsy and cumbersome. Under consolidation it should be not only possible but relatively easy to secure simplification and much greater efficiency of management.

10. The Consolidated Company will secure the powerful financial backing of Messrs. Rothschilds and Messrs. Morgans as leaders. This alone appears to me to have great value in connexion with the need of financing new mines in the present position of world markets. I return to this at length later.

SIR ERNEST OPPENHEIMER'S VIEW

Sir Ernest Oppenheimer wrote for my information in August of this year:

"I have been considering the possible future of the Bwana, R.C.B.C. and N'Changa Companies, and I have very definitely formed the opinion that it would be of the greatest benefit to those companies, and hardly less so to the Northern Rhodesian Copper Industry as a whole and the country itself, if an operating company"—(this suggestion has not been proceeded with for reasons which seem to be conclusive)—"could be formed which could acquire the undertakings of the three companies mentioned.

"Among the many reasons which have led me to this opinion, the following appeal to me particularly:

"(1) The establishment of such a company would ensure collaboration and avoid competition with regard to production.

"(2) The formation of one large company would greatly strengthen the position *vis-à-vis* legislation and the Government authorities generally.

"(3) For purposes of finance. This is certainly as important as either of the previous reasons."

SPECIAL CONSIDERATIONS

This completes what I have to say on the general policy of consolidation. There remain certain special considerations in so far as the property of the N'Changa Copper Mines Limited is concerned. It seems to us, who came in later, a pity that the N'Changa Company was ever formed as a separate entity. No doubt it seemed wise at the time, but subsequent discoveries have shown that the concession area just missed a very rich ore-body—in fact, it is just in the wrong place.

In my view, consolidation will pay the shareholders of R.C.B.C. both in ultimate share values and in earlier dividends, provided that the terms of purchase and of the exchange of shares are fair.

We take over the disposable properties of the Bwana M'Kubwa Company as a going concern as at September 1: all debts accrued due at that date being paid by Bwana. We do not take over the company or any of its debts or debentures or any liability it may have for income tax.

We have had the N'Kana mine under continuing observation. So far as I personally am concerned the most important fact is that it has been seen and visited not only by the managing director of the Rio Tinto Company, but by that company's technical director and also by its chief geologist.

SUPPORT AND OPPOSITION

Remember we have lived with this thought of consolidation, tested it, examined it, studied it for fourteen months and that outside a very small and limited circle of those whose interest is exclusively or overwhelmingly in this company, not a word was said to anyone until August of this year; since then we have been negotiating, discussing, arguing, with the result that ten of your directors are in favour of consolidation on these terms and two are not. There is associated with the latter in this opposition at least one large shareholder, Mr. Congden, whose name is well known in the American copper world and who feels, I understand, as they do, but even more strongly. There are some smaller American shareholders who have also expressed opposition to the scheme. This one can only deplore, but I should be failing in my duty did I not tell you that seven out of the eight groups which hastily came together two years ago to save the eyes and heart of your property as well as the N'Changa mine from passing into non-British hands are in favour of this amalgamation and one and only one is against it. The seven are:

The British South Africa Company,
The Rio Tinto Company,
Messrs. Rothschild,
The Rhodesian Anglo-American,
The Anglo-Metal Company,
The Selection Trust,
Minerals Separation Limited.

The one opposing is the Union Corporation, whose representative on the board is Sir Henry Strakosch. Apart from him I know of only one other British shareholder opposed to this scheme either on the general question of consolidation, or on the terms to be offered to the Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mines Limited.

With regard to the second resolution—the offer to be made to the N'Changa shareholders—I know of no opposition having been expressed or urged anywhere. The terms seem to be quite reasonable to us, and, anyhow, the N'Changa shareholders can take them or leave them as they will, provided you approve of the offer being made.

With the third resolution we return to the main question:—Is it wise to absorb the Bwana M'Kubwa assets from our point of view, as shareholders in R.C.B.C.? Let us see what would happen if we did not.

First we should have either to float a company to do the mining, or get the terms of our grant from the Chartered Company changed, or, alternatively, we might sell our rich ore to N'Changa for shares in that company. That, indeed, was the first idea we explored, but in fact it is hopeless. There is no salvation that way. Let us suppose that we had got our concession altered and that we now had to proceed to finance this company to bring our property to production.

For ourselves, by ourselves, we should need not less than £5,000,000, and it would be, say, five years before any adequate revenue could be expected. In such a case debentures would be out of the question. The money would have to be raised by the issue of a large number of new shares with the inevitable result that existing shareholders would have to find their proportion of the new money or suffer for all time a diminution of their share of the equity.

MINORITY DIRECTORS' POSITION

As you know, your board was divided in the proportion of ten to two on the questions before us. Let me state the point of view of the minority in their own words. I have here a statement drafted by them which I shall read to you.

"Sir Henry Strakosch and Mr. McConnell were against the amalgamation. They understand, however, that in spite of the objections they have raised, shareholders holding a majority of the total issued capital of your company are prepared to vote in favour of the resolution, and in these circumstances Sir Henry Strakosch and Mr. McConnell felt that no useful purpose would be served by placing before you, in full, their case against the scheme. They think it only proper, however, that I should inform you in general terms of the principal reasons for their dissent. They are against the scheme because they are of the opinion:

"(1) That the ore-body already disclosed by boring on your property is by far the richest and widest in Northern Rhodesia, and that its ultimate value is likely to be far greater than that assumed in arriving at the basis of amalgamation.

"(2) That your company had sufficient funds in hand to continue its programme of development and exploration for at least a year, and that it has no need, for its own account, to raise further funds in this time of acute financial depression.

"(3) That those opposed to the amalgamation handed to your board certain technical reports, including one from an eminent firm of consulting engineers, who were responsible for bringing three of the largest copper mines in the world into production, which reports were to the effect that either amalgamation is undesirable or the terms inequitable to this Company.

"(4) That the proposed method of finance is not a desirable one, involving, as it does, burdening your company with a debenture issue at a time when the shares of the company stand at a very high premium and when the company has not yet reached a profit-earning stage."

That is the end of Sir Henry Strakosch and Mr. McConnell's statement. Clearly their view is different from mine, but I do not wish you to think that your board is going to be torn by internecine strife. It was a real pleasure to me earlier in this meeting to propose the re-election of our American colleague, Mr. McConnell, to the board, and if Sir Henry Strakosch had been a candidate at this time, I certainly should have asked him to allow me to propose or at least to second his election.

I am altogether in favour of big non-British interests participating in these great enterprises, and we welcome the representation of the big American interest for which Mr. McConnell speaks, even though on this occasion he, like Sir Henry Strakosch, does not see eye to eye with the rest of the board.

A QUESTION OF POLICY

And now let me say this: My mind has never been obsessed by this question of ratio, which I have necessarily dealt with at length to-day. Provided that no glaring injustice be done to any of the three companies concerned, I am indifferent as to a difference of 5 or even 10 per cent. In my view the question is one of policy.

What we are doing to-day is to create a company, with funds secure, big enough, strong enough to bring to full production a great part of the unbelievably rich copper field of Northern Rhodesia, to enable us to build up a great refining industry in this country and to secure for the Empire a worthy share of the copper industries of the world.

STATEMENT BY SIR HENRY STRAKOSCH

Sir Henry Strakosch, G.B.E., in addressing the meeting said: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen—Sir Auckland Geddes has informed you, in general terms, of the principal reasons why Mr. McConnell and I am opposed to the scheme of amalgamation which is before you. Nothing I can add would serve any useful purpose or alter the course which the proceedings of this meeting are likely to take, for I have been assured that the majority of the shareholders of your company are in favour of the scheme, and will cast their votes accordingly. If they do—and I have no reason to doubt that they will—there is nothing to stand in the way of the scheme being consummated.

I have been asked by a number of people what, in the circumstances, my further course of action will be. It is only right that I should make my position clear. Whatever I may think or feel regarding the propriety of carrying through a transaction of this magnitude in the face of the considered opinion of a substantial minority, I am quite clear in my own mind what is the right thing for me to do when this meeting has given its decision in favour of the scheme. It is to accept the verdict of this meeting ungrudgingly, and to co-operate loyally with my colleagues with a view to making the greatest possible success of the scheme. This is the line of conduct I propose to pursue, and I should like to add, if I may, that my views of the exceptional merits of the property encourage me to think that a very prosperous future lies in front of it. I am supported in this view by a careful investigation of the available data by a firm of mining engineers of the very highest standing in copper mining. The success they have achieved in developing, equipping, and bringing to the producing stage three of the greatest copper mines of the world—Involving problems not dissimilar to those with which we shall have to deal—lends exceptional weight to their opinion. Without it, I should not have ventured to express a view which might lay me open to the charge of excessive optimism. The ore body which has been disclosed in our company's property west of N'Changa is unique. Its extent, its width, and its copper contents, as so far indicated, are such as to justify the belief that the exploitation of this ore body alone will ultimately make your company one of the biggest and cheapest copper producers in the world.

The resolutions were carried.

BANK OF LONDON AND SOUTH AMERICA, LIMITED

The Ordinary Meeting of the Bank of London and South America, Ltd., was held on December 16 at 6, 7 and 8 Tokenhouse Yard, E.C.

Mr. J. W. Beaumont Pease (the chairman) said that the directors had decided, in view of the general depression which existed all over the world, and which had not failed to react upon business in South America, that a conservative and precautionary policy was eminently desirable. The gross profits stood at £1,754,000, which was £61,000 less than in the previous year, and it was proposed to pay a final dividend of 5 per cent., making a total of 9 per cent., as against 11 per cent. for the previous year.

With regard to Argentina, the harvests had been meagre, and the correspondingly small return from them had been further diminished by the world-wide fall in the value of cereals. With the Conversion Office closed, the already difficult commercial situation had been augmented by falling exchange rates caused by the result of the growing adverse trade balance, which had become heavier than usual. It was comforting to know that the prevailing uneasiness in this respect was fully appreciated by those in power, who recognized that a monetary regime providing for greater elasticity and making for a permanently stable peso at 11.45 to the £ was greatly desirable for the good of the country, and he felt that they could rely on the statesmen and economists of Argentina to bring that vital question to a successful issue at no distant date.

With peace and economy, the country should, when the tide turned, quickly recover in view of its manifold resources.

Probably the most important happening in Brazil during the past year had been the recent revolution. Much was hoped from the new Government, whose programme was both sound and economical.

Chile, which was a country dependent on her exports for her upkeep, had been naturally adversely affected by the world conditions ruling, but had been more fortunate than some of her neighbours inasmuch as no internal dissensions had disturbed her well-being.

Uruguay had had a difficult year, but the Government was coping with the financial situation, and had adopted a necessary policy of economy. In Colombia the commercial depression referred to a year ago had continued, and rigid economies were being effected throughout all the branches of the national administration. The year 1930 had been a fortunate one for Paraguay, and the finances of the country were satisfactory.

The report was unanimously adopted.

PANAMA CORPORATION LIMITED

The Fourth Ordinary Annual General Meeting of Panama Corporation Limited, was held on December 17, at River Plate House, E.C.

Mr. Duncan Elliott Alves, J.P., the Chairman of the Corporation, presided, and in the course of his remarks said:

The Corporation's operations in Panama have been repeatedly referred to in different organs of the American press and the local press of Panama; it is voiced that the gravest suspicions have been engendered in certain quarters in the U.S. in connexion with the company's operations in relation to the Panama Canals. After thorough investigations locally by a special mission sent from Washington it was officially announced that they were satisfied as to the bona fides of this British enterprise and its operations in Panama.

Turning to our operations on the fields and to the position we may assume as a gold producer. As most of those who are in a position to be the best judges have by repeated announcements and arguments made clear, the question of gold has become a matter of paramount importance to the whole world. I feel that I am justified in saying that we have at least the hope of taking a long step towards assisting in fulfilling the pressing world requirements that are so anxiously looked for.

I might refer to a matter which concerns every shareholder in this Corporation personally and directly, and were it not that it has been brought so constantly to my attention I would not do so. I refer to what is termed the market price of the Corporation's shares. For reasons of a defined policy and because of our belief of their ultimate value, and to once and for all remove any doubt that might exist as to individual persons or large shareholders operating a market, possibly to their own considerable advantage, it has become a settled practice for the directors not to deal or operate in the shares of the company, beyond of course increasing their holdings from time to time as issues might be made.

MR. H. F. MARRIOTT'S SPEECH

Mr. Hugh F. Marriott: I have extreme confidence that your properties in Panama contain within their boundaries the next coming goldfields of the world.

The upper levels were about 29 shillings to the ton. Later examination of the lower levels has disclosed that the gold bearing portion of the lode was lying in mineralised country on one side or the other of the tunnels. In one place on the fourth level from 1,850 feet onwards the later development exposed ore over a distance of 130 feet 36 inches wide, assaying from a few shillings up to 588 shillings a ton.

At 1,882 feet a sampling result over a further 22 inches of lode matter, in the wall, assayed no less than £636 to the ton. This section of the lode was then risen on and a bulk sample 8 feet about gave a result of 76 shillings to the ton. A winze below this point gave over 32 feet, 63 shillings a ton over 53 inches. Further samples taken at 50 feet gave 46 shillings over 72 inches.

The whole of these results show, without the inclusion of the very high sample, ore of double the value of that disclosed in the upper levels, and of considerably greater width for mining purposes. Near the vertical shaft, 1,667 feet north a total distance of 415 feet assayed 52 shillings a ton over 31 inches. This included ore of 97 shillings a ton over 40 inches for 115 feet.

In the northern workings on the fifth level a crosscut 300 feet north of the shaft exposed ore of 44 shillings a ton over 60 inches. At 607 feet from the shaft richer ore was encountered of the value of £22 a ton. Driving was continued in this rich ore and has opened up to date no less than 71 feet of distance averaging £17 to the ton over a width of 29 inches. On sample which first gave a return of £60 a ton on being checked assayed gave £160 a ton.

The estimated profit at Remance of 13 shillings a ton as a separate concern can easily be increased when the mine is a component part of the workings of the whole Panama Corporation, to a profit of £7 a ton.

In the Sabalo river we have already proved, as you know, several million cubic yards of alluvium valued at 18 cents or 9d. a cubic yard.

The third property getting ready for early production of gold is at El Mineral on the north side of Veraguas.

Results are up to £10 and £20 per cubic yard, and the output as a whole may be counted on to give up to 6 shillings a cubic yard.

Another property that is ready for the first unit of equipment is Mina Blanca Mine in the Hatillo district.

I anticipate that the profit from these four properties, when operating on their full equipment, will be between £350,000 and £400,000 annually.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

A Full Report of this meeting may be had on application to the Secretary, 14 Waterloo Place, London, England.

BWANA M'KUBWA COPPER MINING

AMALGAMATION PROPOSALS APPROVED

SIR EDMUND DAVIS ON THE COPPER POSITION

An Extraordinary General Meeting of the members of the Bwana M'Kubwa Copper Mining Co., Ltd., was held on December 17 at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., for the purpose of submitting a resolution approving a draft agreement between the company and the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd.

Sir Edmund Davis (chairman and managing-director of the company) presided.

The chairman said: This meeting has been called to consider our recommendation to enter into an agreement with the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd., in terms of the draft which is being submitted. You will have gathered from the suggested resolution that we wish to obtain your approval and authority to enter into it with such modifications, if any, as we may think fit to assent to. You will also have noticed from the circular you have received that the policy of bringing under one control our properties, those of the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd., and those of the N'Changa Copper Mines, Ltd., has been under consideration for some time past, and that after lengthy negotiations your directors have unanimously come to the conclusion that we should recommend your acceptance of the scheme we are submitting to-day.

If the suggested amalgamation is approved of by the shareholders of the companies I think we may take it for granted that there will be dealt with in the N'Kana plant between 5,000 and 7,000 tons of N'Kana ore per day and about 2,000 tons of richer ore from the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession and, or, the N'Changa properties. The production from this tonnage should be sufficient in the early days of the amalgamated venture to give very satisfactory profits with a normal copper market.

ADVANTAGES OF CENTRALIZATION

At N'Kana we are erecting a smelter, which will be of sufficient capacity to treat the concentrates to be produced from the three properties. Further, we should be able to arrange with the railways for a satisfactory rate for the carriage of ore to a central plant—this should avoid the necessity of erecting large concentrating plants on each of the properties, save capital expenditure and overhead charges.

This being so, work on the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession and the N'Changa will probably be limited to the development of the mines and the production of ore, which would then be railed to N'Kana. Such savings in capital requirements, in the initial stages of the development and equipment of the Northern Rhodesian copper mines, should be the aim of all connected with the industry.

So far as copper production is concerned, there can be no doubt that there should be ample room in the world's market for the Northern Rhodesian supplies, provided the position is handled with care, and, by amalgamating the three companies, we are satisfied that we are going a long way towards protecting the position. As the other Northern Rhodesian copper mines are under the control of the Selection Trust group, there will in future be only two groups to be considered in the production, and between them there should be no difficulty in arriving at an arrangement for all practical purposes, so that production should not out-run consumption.

Of course, it would have been better to have amalgamated the whole of the known Northern Rhodesian copper undertakings, but at the moment it is impossible to even give consideration to the idea. This being so we must do all we can to place the combined three properties into a dominating position, and make it one of the most important copper mining propositions within the Empire, and one of the greatest copper producers in the world. In such a position the company would carry great weight in any negotiations which might eventually have to be entered into on the subject of production.

RHODESIAN CONGO BORDER DEBENTURE ISSUE

Under the scheme we are submitting, after the issue of the 550,000 shares in the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession to us, and any shares which may be issued in exchange for the N'Changa Copper Co. shares, the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession, Ltd., will create £6,000,000 of 7 per cent. debentures, of which £4,500,000 will be issued. These will be redeemable at any time before 1940 at a premium of 20 per cent., or at any time thereafter at par, or by purchase in the market. They will carry certain conversion rights, which are set out in the circular. The issue will be underwritten by the Rhodesian Anglo-American, Ltd., and Messrs. J. C. im Thurn and Sons, Ltd., at a commission of 3 per cent. When this issue is made we shall be entitled, as the holders of 550,000 Rhodesian Congo Border Concession

shares, to apply for about £1,735,000 debentures, the exact amount cannot be settled until the number of N'Changa shares exchanged has been ascertained. We will then arrange for the shareholders in this company to be given an opportunity to subscribe on the same terms as the issue will be made to all, in proportion to their respective holdings in the Bwana Co. From discussion we have had with some of our largest shareholders we are already satisfied that a very large proportion of the issue will be so taken up, which is further evidence, if it were at all required, of the approval of the scheme we are submitting.

MAGNITUDE OF RICH ORE BODY

The Rhodesian Congo Border Concession property is connected by rail with N'Kana, a distance of about 41 miles. The company in question has extensive prospecting rights, should it desire to retain the same, until April 30, 1935, over an area of 52,000 square miles, and has developed ore of high grade, at shallow depth, west of and immediately adjoining the N'Changa, drilling operations having already indicated no less than 30,000,000 tons of an average grade of 6.6 per cent. copper, which tonnage will be probably considerably extended as development work proceeds.

The rich ore body referred to extends into and is being proved in the N'Changa property.

I think you will take it for granted that we, on this board, as well as the holders of millions of our shares, are sufficiently satisfied that the development results which have taken place on the properties warrant our recommending the amalgamation scheme.

It is unnecessary to deal at greater length with the position. The scheme is fully set out in the circular, and the information I have given you to-day should, in our opinion, be sufficient to lead us to expect to obtain your unanimous approval of the resolution which I now beg to propose:

"That the draft agreement submitted to the meeting and expressed to be made between the company of the one part and The Rhodesian Congo Border Concession Limited of the other part be and the same is hereby approved, and that the directors be and they are hereby authorized to enter into an agreement with the Rhodesian Congo Border Concession Limited in the terms of such draft and to carry the same into effect with such (if any) modifications as they may think fit to assent to."

Mr. J. G. Lawn, C.B.E.; Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The resolution was carried.

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- No. 7. THREE ESSAYS. Closing date, December 29.
- No. 8. ONE-ACT PLAY. Closing date, January 19.
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